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The Week

WHAT is in store under the Industry Recovery Act was hinted by the effort in the Senate Committee to eliminate the President's licensing power. This effort was a response to the objection to the provision by the National Association of Manufacturers, which also opposed the section guaranteeing collective bargaining to labor. Powerful employers want to escape from the anti-trust laws in order to raise prices and increase profits, but they do not want to give to the government any restrictive powers by which it may conceivably protect consumers and wage earners. If the bill finally goes through substantially in the form approved by the administration, the same sort of struggle will be waged under it. It would be much better not to pass the bill at all than to pass it shorn of the powers by which the greed of industrialists may be curbed. But the mere existence of these powers on the statute books does not guarantee their proper exercise. Labor and consumers will have to be on the alert in order to see that the machinery of planning and control is not turned against them in practice. You do not abolish conflicting interests by adopting a control scheme; you merely set up an arena within which the struggle will be waged.

MANY thousands of former soldiers in the United States are at present suffering the deepest economic distress—just as are millions of other Americans. Some of the veterans have been receiving money from the government, for one reason or another, and have had these payments curtailed or stopped through action taken by the President under the powers granted him in the recent economy bill. Thousands of protests have poured into Washington, and have been responsible for the action of Congress in voting to restore veterans' payments aggregating perhaps $170 million. That the economy law was working many grave hardships is admitted by Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers. They have already prepared new schedules, which will shortly go into effect, taking care of many of these cases—more, indeed, according to Brigadier-General Hines, head of the Veterans' Bureau, than are accounted for in the bill which has been before Congress. The President has also proposed to set up an independent committee which would report direct to him, and would undertake to remedy any further case of unjust treatment. The dispute between the President and Congress is thus not between an executive who wishes to starve the veterans and a legislature which wishes to aid them; it is a dispute as to the amount of aid that is needed, and how it shall be distributed. Critics of the congressional plan charge that it restores to the list many men who have no more right to government aid than have millions of other Americans who did not go to war. The administration also professes alarm lest the additional expenditures voted by Congress should unbalance the budget, cause a widespread loss of confidence and thus halt the general economic recovery which is now under way. This is why Mr. Roosevelt has insisted that Congress must find new taxes which will increase the federal revenue by an amount equal to the added outlay.

THE one point to be remembered in all this is that no one in the United States should be allowed to starve, whether he is a veteran or not. The administration's plans for economic recovery re-

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main at present largely in the stage of hope; and meanwhile the whole machinery of relief throughout the country is breaking down for lack of funds. Private charity is so completely exhausted that it no longer plays an important part in the task. Municipal funds are in many cities entirely gone and the municipalities' credit is so bad that they cannot borrow. Most important of all, the savings of the people themselves, which have heretofore borne the greatest share of the burden, are rapidly dwindling. There is a new federal appropriation of $500 million for relief, but no one knows whether it will be adequate; and unfortunately, we are beginning to see again at Washington the tendency so deplorably evident during the Hoover administration, to hold back funds on the argument that since things are getting better, the country can afford to gamble on the adequacy of relief from other sources. The New Republic, which has never been able to get much excited about the mystic sacredness of a balanced budget, has likewise been unable to see why a healthy former soldier had any claim beyond that of any other citizen. The answer seems to us clear; the government should, as we have already suggested, see to it that nobody starves. If this process necessitates taxes higher than already exist, these taxes should be levied, based on the sound principle of taking most from those who are best able to pay.

IT IS a sign of the sudden jump forward in the climate of opinion that a measure like the Wagner bill for a nationally coördinated system of public employment offices could be passed with so little comment, public attention being centered on more momentous matters. This elementary measure for intelligent organization of the labor market, without which many other important steps cannot be taken, has been urgently needed ever since the War, when the Federal Employment Service was sabotaged by reactionary interests. It passed Congress during the Hoover administration, but was stubbornly fought by the President and finally vetoed by him. At that time it was, together with projects like a large public-works program, the Norris Muscle Shoals bill and the like, one of the immediate objectives of the progressives. Yet now all these goals have been reached and passed without stopping. It is just as important as it ever was; in this as in many other matters the true success of the new regime will be tested by the skill with which the measure is administered.

WE ARE glad that the President is opposed to the guarantee of bank deposits in the Glass-Steagall banking bill, and glad also that the bill itself seems to have slight chance of becoming a law. This is not because we believe deposits ought to be unsafe, or because we are not in favor of banking reform. Quite the contrary. But it is silly and injurious to try to guarantee deposits in so crazy a banking system as ours; the guarantee might very easily break down in a crisis. The government itself ought to have no hand in guaranteeing deposits unless it has corresponding authority over banking practices. And the Glass bill is, in view of the needs of the situation, a measure which does not go even halfway. It does not provide for genuine unification of the banking system, and does not even go very far toward large, responsible banking units. It divorces commercial banks from their investment affiliates, but it performs no corresponding operation on the great private investment bankers like Morgan, who control commercial banks. More thought, more fundamental and drastic measures, are required for real banking reform. If they cannot be had now, it is better to wait until they can be rather than to deceive ourselves that what is necessary has been done—even a minimum of what is necessary.

CHANCELLOR Hitler is paying the debt to Germany's industrialists contracted by Hitler, the organizer of the National Socialist party, with a promptness which is commendable in these moneyless times. One of the most recent decrees issued by the Reich Commissar for German Economy, Dr. Wagner, and the leader of the German Labor Front, Dr. Ley, forbids all strikes and lock-outs until Germany's new social constitution goes into effect. A law adopted by the Cabinet on May 16, and published on the same day as the above decree, provides that "the Chancellor shall appoint an arbiter" for each of the large industrial sections of the country who, "until the adoption of the new social constitution, shall regulate conditions for the arrangement of labor agreements which shall be binding on all parties affected thereby and shall take the place of labor bureaus and individual employers or employers' organizations by whom such agreements were hitherto concluded." The law further provides that "these arbiters [*Treuhänder*] shall be responsible for the maintenance of industrial peace" and "shall be subject to the policies and direction of the Reich government." The last step in the complete elimination of the German trade unions from all participation in wage and labor regulations has thus been taken, and their removal as representatives of labor and as factors in German industrial life has been legalized. Nazi terror has not subsided; it has simply been given centralized, legal form.

IT IS a strange coincidence which brings, on the same day, the news that Germany will declare a moratorium on all foreign debts not already in "freezing" agreements and the announcement that she is about to institute a great economic relief program with a minimum outlay of 1,100 million marks to be financed through the issuance of treasury notes. This sum will be used for the creation of jobs through public and private enterprises. Dr. Schacht has been given supervision of the scheme,

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in order to reassure bankers and big industrialists. By the elimination of women from the labor market, the Hitler government hopes to open thousands of additional jobs to unemployed workers. This is to be accomplished by the creation of a marriage-aid fund which is to subsidize 150,000 couples with scrip to the amount of 1,000 marks each. The National Socialists believe that women should devote themselves exclusively to the bearing and rearing of children and to the duties of wifehood, a theory which is receiving in Germany its first experimental try-out on a large scale in modern industrial life.

THE Ridder family, chief owners and publishers of the New Yorker Staatszeitung and The Journal of Commerce, plays an important part in German-American affairs in this country. It is, therefore, understandable that it should show its great interest in Germany's "national revolution" by sending two of its members—Victor and Bernard Ridder—on a scouting expedition to the Fatherland. The colorless reports published by Victor Ridder in the Staatszeitung—Mr. Bernard Ridder is still in Germany—hardly merit comment, but an interview with Hitler which appeared in a recent issue of the paper deserves attention if only for the brazenness and recklessness with which the Chancellor of the Reich deals with facts. ". . . Where is there a Jew," Adolf Hitler asks his American visitor, "who has suffered at our hands because he was a Jew? Only those Jews have been touched who were connected with the Communist, the Marxist or the godless movement. If the Jews of America identify themselves with these criminals in our country, then I will attend to those that are within my grasp. . . ." Surely Bernard Ridder is too well informed concerning actual conditions in the Fatherland not to know that the highest official in the Reich deliberately misrepresented the true state of affairs.

WHAT may or may not prove to be the first scandal of the Roosevelt administration has developed in connection with toilet kits bought for members of the forestry army. A go-getting salesman from New York, with a letter of introduction from a former law partner of President Roosevelt's, called upon Colonel Louis M. Howe, the President's secretary. He said that he could save the government a lot of money on the purchase of these toilet kits and, within a few hours, he had in his pocket a contract to provide 200,000 of them. The first price discussed was $1.10 each, but the final contract carried a figure of $1.40—the salesman explaining that the difference was represented by an improvement in quality in some of the articles mentioned. The War Department believes that it could have furnished the same kits at a saving of $200,000 to Uncle Sam. Independent "experts" also say that similar kits sell at retail for $3 or $4; but these two statements are not necessarily contradictory, as everyone knows who is aware of the outrageous percentage of profit which middlemen often exact. Colonel Howe says that his letter, which sounded as though it were an executive order for the kits to be bought from the New York firm, was merely a routine affair and that he supposed the kits had been tested for quality and appraised as reasonable in price. The Budget Director's office passes the buck. No deliberate wrongdoing has been shown, and no one who knows Colonel Howe would suspect him of personal profit from the deal, yet the incident remains a sinister one. Authorities like Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink have often pointed out that the United States government is almost the only American purchaser which is able to buy intelligently. Through the Bureau of Standards and other agencies, it has collected an enormous mass of information about values in competitive commercial products; the complaint is often, and justly, made that this information ought to be available to the public. High-pressure salesmanship and purchasing, sight unseen, from a friend of a friend, are bad enough in the realm of private business. They are inexcusable when they go on under the shadow of the White House.

HARVARD and Princeton have gone in opposite directions in choosing their new presidents. Harvard has taken a cloistered scientist, a man hardly known outside his laboratory, although highly respected among specialists in his field. Dr. Harold W. Dodds, the new head of Princeton, is on the contrary a man of broad general interests. He has been an expert political adviser to various South and Central American governments. He directed a notable survey of the New Jersey state government, and has been active in regional planning in that state. The parallel between his background and that of Woodrow Wilson is a striking one. Like Mr. Wilson, he is an expert on politics. Like him, also, he is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman: these are the only two presidents Princeton has had in generations who were not themselves ministers of that denomination. Harvard and Princeton now provide excellent laboratory conditions for an experiment in education—administration by a scientist versus that by a man actively interested in public affairs. Either case may be called the experiment, and the other the control, depending upon one's point of view.

THREE months ago this week, the daily press blossomed out with news of a great counterfeiting plot. It was stated that hundred-dollar bills were being made in Russia and circulated in the United States; and it was broadly hinted that they were the work of the Soviet government itself, and were, in some mysterious way, part of a plot against our institutions. Three months have passed, and nothing more has been heard of these remarkable allegations. Indeed, the American government, which ought to know whether the charges were true, is manifesting a lively

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desire to restore amicable relations with the U.S.S.R. Everyone in Washington believes that Russia is likely to be recognized within the next few months; and former Senator Smith W. Brookhart has just been delegated to encourage trade between the two countries, on a barter basis. At the very least, it seems to us that the news agencies and daily papers which disseminated the story about the counterfeiting owe it to their readers to investigate, and if the tale turns out to be without any foundation they should make public acknowledgment of that fact.

Hands Off the Investigation

ON MAY 21, 1924, Mr. Felix Frankfurter wrote in The New Republic an article under this title, defending the investigations into the scandals of the Harding administration by Senators Wheeler and Walsh. In view of the important place which history has now accorded to the results of these investigations, it may not be remembered that there was a grave threat of their being stopped in mid-course, and that the movement to stop them was furthered by no less persons than President Coolidge and Judge Gary, among others with highly respectable reputations. A congressional investigation which touches sensitive spots near to power is always in danger of being hampered, if not by direct, at least by indirect and subtle means. It had been so in the Ballinger investigation under Taft. The facts at the time of the questioning appear confused and bewildering; their bearing is not wholly clear; a cry goes up that prominent persons are being "victimized" for political purposes; at the same time the inconsistent plea is raised that nothing damaging to the subjects of the inquiry is being revealed and that the whole proceedings are irrelevant and immaterial. As Mr. Frankfurter wrote, "The condemnation of the most powerful is reserved for the exposers and not for the exposed."

It is time now to repeat the title of the old article in a new connection. The senatorial investigation into the investment bankers, beginning with the House of Morgan, has reached the point of danger. The members of the firm were of course far too clever to defy the Senate's demand for information, and have taken pains to appear unconcerned and smiling at the hearings. They have, to be sure, made a valiant effort to keep certain information confidential—such as the partnership agreement and the income-tax record of some of the partners. Mr. John W. Davis even went so far at one point as to protest, in what The New York Times called clear and ringing tones, at the "unfairness" of Mr. Pecora in pursuing a certain line of questioning. But the main attack on the hearings is indirect. There was Senator Glass's outburst, and the reluctance of a number of the committee members to sanction anything which Mr. Morgan and Mr. Davis did not want sanctioned. There is the effort to create the impression, by many of the metropolitan newspapers, that the investigation does not amount to anything. There is influence exerted in many directions in Washington. And there is the possibility that the necessary appropriation may be cut off or reduced so far that the future of the inquiry will be hampered.

Only the shortest of perspectives would permit a person whose self-interest was not threatened to oppose the investigation on the ground of its course thus far. Since nothing has been revealed which will send anyone to jail, it is supposed by many that the inquiry is fruitless. But it was not to be expected that a probe of this sort would penetrate to crude corruption of the sort which was practised by the Ohio Gang. Congress is, and should certainly be, interested in finding out what has to be done in order to prevent such economic collapse as the country has been suffering. There is no more crucial function in the system than banking, of which investment banking is the center.

No detail concerning the method by which that business has been conducted is too small to escape scrutiny, if it throws any light at all on the results of what the bankers do. The picture is still far from complete; it is too early to say what are the most useful conclusions to be drawn from it. It is of the utmost importance to complete the picture. But already the revelations are such that future historians will be amazed that a supposedly intelligent people allowed affairs which are central to the public welfare to be conducted in this way. Some of these facts were, in general, known by the informed, but had not been placed in their proper setting, and had not become an issue as facts do only when they are a matter of record. Others were hardly known. What, broadly, is the situation so far revealed?

Here is a concern conducting a general banking business in which it handles billions of dollars, and underwrites the issue of billions of dollars of new securities—the most important banking house in the country if not in the world—which is conducted wholly as a private business, makes no regular accounting and is subject to no public authority for examination or regulation.

Its members make huge amounts of money. (Some of the younger partners, it is explained, having little capital on which to depend for profits, and requiring the assurance of a regular income, have salaries of $100,000 a year.) The partners, in spite of their great incomes, are enabled by expert advice under the income-tax laws to avoid paying income taxes altogether during the last two years of the depression. But this fact, important as it is in framing new tax legislation, is subordinate to the question whether the members of the firm perform such services to the public as to deserve their highly privileged economic position. Here is a concrete case illustrating our immense inequality in the distribution of income. Is it justifiable by the usual plea that the inequality is an essential incident to "progress" and "efficiency"?

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The extent of the control and influence exerted by these men has been dramatically revealed. They are directors in hundreds of great banks and industrial corporations. They have made loans to a long list of men prominent in financial, industrial and political life. They have placed many of the same men under obligations by making private sales of new stock to them, not only under the market price, but under the list price of issue. They are revealed in the role of princes distributing favors to persons who have been influential in every department of the national life. The inevitable conclusion is that this relationship is of mutual interest. Officials having charge of corporation funds, who receive rake-offs on new stock issues, deposit their companies' funds in the Morgan bank. What must be the effect of the manifold Morgan interests, of Morgan opinions concerning public policy, upon the actions and utterances of the men in public life who are under obligations to the bankers? Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that all the loans and stock distributions were made from the purest of motives. Nevertheless, what inevitably must be their effect in cementing Morgan power?

If anybody is responsible for the way our economy is run or not run, an aggregation like this is certainly responsible. Do they approve of the results of what they have done? Are they aware of their public responsibility at all? One of the most important results of the hearings, intangible though it may be, is that they are revealed as apparently not having the slightest consciousness of their responsibility as guardians of the valves through which savings and credit flow into the industrial system. As long as they market securities at a profit, and no gross fraud is involved, they appear to be satisfied. It never occurs to them that the gains of themselves and of those to whom they do favors are tolls taken from consumers, wage earners and ordinary stockholders. It never occurs to them to ask whether the recipients of these gains do anything to earn them!—Something, to be sure, has been said about the "risk" borne by the select list of persons who are allowed to buy stock points below the figure at which others are allowed to buy it!

The picture will, we hope, be filled in with more detail concerning specific operations which illustrate how much the bankers get for how little public service. As we write, the story of the Alleghany Corporation and the Van Sweringens is being recorded. There are many others.

Surrounding those who are being investigated is the heavy air of privilege, of power, of favoritism, of the subtle but pervasive assumption of authority by insiders. Here is a dynasty—the real dynasty of modern capitalism—observed at its customary practices. Like most dynasties, it is for the most part unconscious of wrong. It believes it has a right to its status and its emoluments; it does not see how anybody else could run things any better. But, like most dynasties in their time, it is growing old; new tides of distrust and revolt are lapping at its base.

Sweet Nothings at London

WITHIN a few days, amid Klieg lights and appropriate ceremonies, King George V will open the World Economic Conference at London. Present will be several hundred beribboned, bemedaled plenipotentiaries, and several thousand expert advisers, *agents d'espionage,* lobbyists and reporters. The first ten days or so of the Conference will be devoted solidly to speech-making, and it can be predicted with confidence that each speaker will emphasize the imperious need of clearing away the barriers now obstructing the course of international trade.

These speeches will be very fine—very noble—but it is a question whether they will mean anything whatever. Like all international gatherings, the World Economic Conference will be dominated by the Great Powers, and there is every indication that the Great Powers intend to pursue the narrowest, most selfishly nationalistic aims at London. The best statement of the position the Roosevelt administration intends to take is contained in the radio speech made last month by Assistant Secretary of State Moley. Unlike the recent vague and rosy pronouncements of Secretary Hull, Dr. Moley's speech was direct and to the point. He briskly disposed of the notion that tariff reductions might be agreed upon at London. The Roosevelt administration, Dr. Moley explained, feels that tariffs are the result of a long historic process and are not to be reduced or altered hurriedly. Neither does the Roosevelt administration intend to let foreign nations dictate when and how we shall return to the gold standard.

In Dr. Moley's opinion there were just three subjects which the World Economic Conference might usefully discuss. These were (1) the removal of the monetary exchange restrictions which now exist throughout the world (2) the setting up of a temporary working arrangement among the world's chief central banks and (3) the establishment of cartels among the producers of wheat and metals. As for war debts, Dr. Moley said that these would be discussed simultaneously with the London meetings but that they would be kept completely separate from all other negotiations.

Last Friday in the House of Commons, the position England intends to take was set forth with admirable clarity by Chancellor of the Exchequer Chamberlain. In most respects it is identical with the position of America. England expects no tariff reductions. Like the United States, it will not let other nations dictate its return to gold. It also believes that profitable agreements can be reached on the removal of exchange restrictions, on coöperation among central banks and on producers' cartels. Mr. Chamberlain skirted the subject of the war debts gingerly, but it is no secret that England intends to demand their virtual cancellation.

The position of France can be stated in a word.

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France wants America and England to return to the gold standard, and also wants America and England to forgive the French war debt. France has now little hope of either of these things and, in consequence, has lost interest in the Conference. The World Economic Conference will necessarily be dominated by America, England and France. None of these three nations shows the faintest inclination to assume leadership. There is, therefore, no possible chance of London's being the scene of a great festival of economic disarmament. From the outset, the Conference is going to be limited strictly to a few narrow, technical problems.

The most pressing of these technical problems, according to Dr. Moley and Mr. Chamberlain, is the removal of monetary exchange restrictions. Presumably the Conference is to start with Germany and Japan. Nearly every country in the world now has exchange restrictions of one kind or another, but among the Great Powers Germany and Japan are the only two in which exchange restrictions form a serious obstruction to international trade.

Germany's exchange restrictions exist primarily because of its external private debt. German nationals owe abroad some $5,000 million, of which about a quarter is in short-term loans. It is obvious that if Germany's short-term creditors were permitted to withdraw their funds, Germany would be drained of its scant supply of gold and a precipitous drop in the external value of the mark would occur.

One possible way to solve this problem would be to grant Germany a new international loan, the proceeds of which could be used to pay off her short-term creditors. At the same time, Germany's long-term creditors probably could be persuaded to agree to a readjustment and reduction of their claims. This is the solution advocated by the former head of the Reichsbank, Dr. Hans Luther, now in exile as Ambassador to Washington.

The current Reichsbank president, the sprightly Dr. Schacht, has very different plans. He proposes to do nothing except, perhaps, to intensify the present exchange restrictions. He does not want a new international loan for Germany. He foresees, probably correctly, that the granting of such a loan would be used by the Powers to wring concessions from Germany on disarmament, the Polish Corridor, Danzig and a host of other questions. Dr. Schacht, who is a fervent Nazi, believes that if any political concessions are to be made at London, they should be made by other nations. In particular, Dr. Schacht wishes the return of Germany's African colonies. If America, England and France are prepared to open up the whole problem of Germany's future, Dr. Schacht will talk business, otherwise he will stand firm.

Exchange restrictions in Japan are due solely to the fact that the Japanese government has not balanced its budget for about two years, and for the last six months has paid its bills only by robbing teachers' pension funds, postal-savings banks and by other types of petty larceny. The reason Japan has been unable to balance its budget is, of course, its militaristic adventures in Manchuria and China. As long as Japan's generals and admirals control its policy, there can be no hope of permanently stabilizing the yen, and no hope of the abolition of Japan's exchange restrictions.

Among the lesser nations of the world, the problem of removing exchange restrictions is similarly complicated. In perhaps no other country have exchange restrictions caused more havoc than in Austria. Because of this, the Lausanne Conference, almost exactly a year ago, approved a $42 million international loan to Austria. It was expected that this loan, in addition to solving Austria's immediate currency troubles, would aid in ending the economic paralysis which had descended upon the whole Danube Valley. The insane diplomatic jealousies of France, Germany and Italy, however, have prevented this loan from ever being paid. These same jealousies are almost sure to block any action concerning Austria, or any of the other small nations in the east of Europe.

It is thus evident that the first point on Dr. Moley's and Mr. Chamberlain's joint program—exchange restrictions—is going to be excessively difficult to attain. Their second point—a temporary arrangement among the chief central banks—ought to be at least partially achieved. The Roosevelt administration would like England to embrace a policy of credit inflation, and to this the ultra-orthodox Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, will never consent. However, it should be possible for America, England and France to pledge themselves not to engage in a devaluation race among the dollar, pound and franc. Dr. Moley's and Mr. Chamberlain's third point—the establishment of cartels among wheat and metal producers—ought also to yield a measure of agreement. Finally, it appears inevitable that America will be forced at London to consent to some sort of open or disguised reduction of the war debts. These are very important matters, but they hardly seem sufficient to justify the summoning of a great economic conference, or for raising the hopes of humble people in every country of the world.

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Japan in China

WHETHER or not Peiping and Tientsin are formally occupied by Japanese troops, they have for all practical purposes fallen to Japan. That Japan can or will want to avoid actual possession of the North China provinces is only barely probable. Japan is about to learn the remorseless lesson of empire. One step in aggression inevitably leads to another, even though the end is self-destruction. The conquest of Manchuria led to the conquest of Jehol, Jehol to the Lwan district inside the Great Wall, and the Lwan district to Peiping and Tientsin.

There is no reason to stop at those two cities. It is not even strategically or politically practicable to do so. What may be expected instead, regardless of the pledges which may be given by the Japanese government or nominal truces arranged between China and Japan, is that a new so-called state will be formed extending from the Great Wall to the Yellow River, perhaps even combined with Manchuria. It will be a state like Manchukuo, with a window-dressing of independence, behind which will be a rigid Japanese military control. Even if this does not occur right away, the northern provinces will remain part of China only on sufferance. The shadow of the Japanese military caste will hang over them, ready to descend at any act of disobedience incurring Japanese military displeasure. As Manchuria has reached the status of Korea just before its annexation to Japan, so North China has reached the status of Manchuria before 1931. At the best, it can hope to control only such of its affairs as Japan does not consider vital to itself.

In effect, then, North China has become a Japanese protectorate. The dismemberment of China envisaged by the *Realpolitik* of the close of the nineteenth century appears to have begun, now, ironically, in the new international era when *Realpolitik* has been abolished and nations are solemnly bound to renounce conquest, eschew force and abide by covenants of peaceful processes. Yet it is precisely in world politics, power politics, that the causes lie. If there is the difference from 1900 in that Japan alone is now the despoiler while the other Great Powers are alert but inactive, Japan has been emboldened to go further than the other Powers ever had dared just because they are helpless. The whole Western world is trammeled by the economic depression, and Europe in addition is too occupied by the resumption of its own blood feuds to spare attention or energy for the other side of the world. Japan has therefore been given a passport to embark on conquest, and it is going as far as it can, further than it had dared to hope in its most egregious fantasies at the time of the Twenty-one Demands in 1915.

China remains a sport of world politics despite its renaissance, its nationalism, its resolve to cast off the past and be carried on the stream of modernism. It was brought to its low estate by the exigencies of nineteenth-century imperialistic expansionism. Bit by bit was whittled away as spoils of competitive aggression in preparation for the final carving up. Respite came when the World War immobilized the aggressors. Japan by that time also had conceived a destiny, but America's ascendancy served to immobilize Japan. China took advantage of the respite, won less by its own efforts than by the weakness of the Occident in the aftermath of the War, and set out to regain its independence, at first with considerable success. Now because of conditions arising outside itself and with which it had nothing to do, it has lost all that it had gained and stands in greater peril of losing its national identity than at any time since the outer world began to make inroads almost a hundred years ago.

For the succession of events of which this is the most baneful, both for China and for the hope of world peace, we of the West are primarily responsible, more so even than Japan. We set it in motion, and we refused to interrupt it. In the first place, we had the opportunity, in the settlement after the World War, at the Washington Conference and again in 1927 when Chinese nationalism was at its height, to extricate China from world politics and endow it with the status of a country rather than a spoils-ground. It was the most rudimentary political wisdom to do so. For to continue the old status was to play into Japan's hands. Japan was the only country in a position to take advantage of China's weakness after the World War. From the most coldly calculating point of view we should have yielded to Chinese nationalism and restored its independence. For the whole world to have isolated Japan then would have been more effective than for the League of Nations to have attempted it after Japan had tasted blood in 1931, when Japan knew that it could flout the world with impunity. But we refused, principally because we did not wish to give up the gains we had won.

As a result, China was left embittered. Its early successes goaded it to bolder and more desperate measures. It attempted prematurely to recover Manchuria from Japan and thus gave the provocation which the Japanese military had sought. Concessions at the right time would have made China less exigent and given Japan no pretext. As it was, we had to choose between the two evils of

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Chinese nationalism and Japanese militarism, and we chose the greater, which is Japanese militarism. And, incidentally, we entrenched the war system in Asia more firmly.

Furthermore, we helped manufacture Japan's excuses. We refused to give up our territorial possessions on Chinese soil, to relax the right of extra-territoriality, to withdraw our troops and gunboats and to give Chinese equal representation in the foreign-concession ports, all on the ground that China's government was unsettled. Thereby we laid down a principle which Japan has now made its own. The whole Japanese case is this: China is in turmoil; it has no unified government; hence we keep Manchuria. The Japanese premise is unanswerable. The Chinese in disputing it are on shaky ground. China really is in turmoil and it does not have an effective government. But the Japanese conclusion that therefore it may take Chinese territory does not follow. It does not follow in logic or equity, and certainly it does not if we are ever to have a world which orders its affairs without war. But neither did our conclusion follow that we must retain control of the Chinese tariff and keep extra-territoriality and exclusive government of Shanghai, Tientsin, Hankow and other concession areas. And when we enunciated the principle that disorder in a weak country justifies a strong one in invading it, we laid the foundations of Japan's defense, even the skeleton of Mr. Matsuoka's argument at Geneva. The occupation of Manchuria, Jehol and North China is the operation of that principle.

The consequence is that for the present China must remain at the mercy of the Japanese military. That it can itself make no effective military resistance is amply proved, if proof were necessary. This is no reflection on Chinese courage, patriotism or efficiency. It is a matter of weight of mechanical equipment. Japan has tanks, airplanes, heavy artillery and skill in the technology of mechanized warfare; China has not. China cannot recover what Japan has seized in any measurable period of time. There remain only two possibilities. The world must intervene to redress the balance or Japan must crack up.

The first is out of the question. Europe is too deeply engaged in its own Continental quarrels. Every Power is taut and ready to spring at every other. America is fully engaged in attempting to crawl up out of the economic slough, and furthermore cannot face toward the Far East when Europe is on the brink of war. This is not altogether unfortunate. It is better that the Stimson Doctrine remain a grandiose futility than that it become a gage of battle. The cumulative hostility between Japan and America since 1905 makes the danger of war between the two likely enough without specific challenges. For it must be plain now that the Stimson Doctrine could have been effectuated only by force.

Japan may break up either for internal economic reasons, as part of the industrial world's dissolution, or because it overstretches itself in attempting to conquer China. The first is incalculable. The second is not only plausible but probable. One who took a Machiavellian view of international relations and wished Japan ill would rejoice at Japan's latest measures in China. He would wish Japan to go as far as the Yangtze. Japan is too small to stretch itself to that length. The further it stretches the more it attenuates its strength. In population, resources and accumulated wealth it lacks the dimensions for Alexandrian conquest. Only of ambition and delusive pride, as nationalism measures pride, has it enough. Both time and the laws of physics play against Japan. Chinese nationalism is repressed but not subdued. China may make a show of yielding in order to gain time. It will not yield. It will resist openly when possible and passively when not. It will wait; it has waited before for conquerors to be weakened by the strains of conquest and then dispatched them.

In the meantime China has an incentive to cease from fratricide and set up a government which can marshal the nation for self-preservation. Most of all, it must disembarrass itself of the meretricious incumbrances of the last few years. Nationalism or the desire for independence had roots in the soil of the race. The so-called Nationalist government, the Kuomintang, had not. It is discredited among all classes of Chinese, not only because it has failed, but because it is exposed as lacking in substance. The theory of party dictatorship—when there was no party—the pyramidal structure of government and the committee system copied outright from Russia without the spirit which lies behind that apparatus in Russia, and the parroting of verbal formulas in which nobody believed were all hodge-podge importations in a time of aberration. They had no kinship with Chinese ways of thought and feeling. They were alien to Chinese instincts. They were the excess baggage of the Russian alliance. The alliance was severed but they remained. Much of the purposelessness and fumbling of these last crack-brained years is attributable to them. Because of the sanctity with which propaganda had endowed them, no criticism could at first be voiced.

Now Chinese of all classes are saying that the Kuomintang is a fiasco, that the so-called party dictatorship is a farce and that the chop-suey constitution is a nuisance even if it is observed only in the breach. No Chinese government since the republic has suffered from as low esteem as the existing one. While some of its personnel enjoys respect, the system must be scrapped. China must turn back, cancel these last seven or eight years and return to the path which it was following from 1911 until then—a path on which it was making considerable progress. Once on familiar ground it may make a fresh start. Japan's threat to China's existence may serve to galvanize the Chinese to such a resolve. It has already deprived the Nan-

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king government of what little moral authority it had left, a necessary precondition to recovery. Whether unification comes by way of a genuine communist revolution or a reconstituted republic is of less importance than that there be a fresh start.

Essentially the fate of China will be determined as between China and Japan, depending on whether China recovers or not and whether Japan breaks under the strain of overexpansion. The international peace machinery may be forgotten. It failed in the Far East because there was none. It is clear in retrospect why the League failed to restrain Japan. No international boycott could have succeeded, because no boycott would have had an international spirit behind it. There was no such spirit, as a casual glance at Europe today reveals. And this fact Japan counted in its calculations from the start. If ever there is such a spirit and it proves itself by levying penalties against a powerful Western state which violates the code of good international society, then it may be successfully invoked against a powerful nation in other parts of the world. The burden of proof rests on the West. Before any international peace machinery can invoke any ordinance in the Far East restraining the strong from using their might to their advantage, it must first have demonstrated that it can and will do so in Europe and North America. Until then it will be regarded with the polite but bland cynicism which Japan accorded the admonitions and pious adjurations of the League. World politics of the old order made the tragedy of the Far East. It must be abrogated before the world can intervene there with authority and before health can be restored to the Far East.

NATHANIEL PEFFER.

Germany: The Twilight of Reason

THE BOOK bonfire has been lighted in the big square of the Kaiser-Franz-Josef-Platz next the Opera and facing the University. Students in Storm Troop uniforms have thrown their torches on the heaped funeral pyre. The great stone quadrangle is a good place for an auto-da-fe, for here is no tree nor any growing green thing. The square looks down on a sea of torches, of waving pennants, swastikas and German flags. Twenty thousand boys and girls have gathered to burn books.

Here, going up in flames, are all Marxist books. Marx, Engels and Lenin are burning. "It is the economics of Marx, the philosophy of Freud, the science of Einstein which have poisoned German thought," the National Socialist leaders say. They are out to "root them up," to use their favorite phrase. Here is being burned the library of Magnus Hirschfeld of the Institute of Sexual Science, a library famous throughout the world. Its rare books, however, have been spared. The Hirschfeld library is lumped in together with the promiscuous combings of the abounding pornographic and smut books which were one of the symptoms of Germany's recent sexual debauch. Together with pornographic and Marxist literature, great German authors are thrown in the fire. Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Stefan and Arnold Zweig, Freud, Emil Ludwig, Theodor Wolff, Georg Bernhard, Alfred Kerr, Schnitzler, Sudermann, Wassermann, Feuchtwanger, etc. Plenty of Americans are also going up in flames. Helen Keller's "Why I Am a Socialist," Upton Sinclair, Dos Passos.

Of more importance to Geneva and the disarmament conference, there are being burned Barbusse, Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front," Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms" and all other books which do not deify war and encourage *Wehrlust*—the desire to arm. All books which treat of war as a dirty unnecessary business must go.

"Pacifism," said von Papen, addressing the Stahlhelm recently, "is a word which has been expunged from our dictionary!" The Nazis have on their index expurgatorius not only all books which are opposed to their way of thinking, but all those which even indirectly disagree with them—works of sophistication, such as those of André Gide, for instance. The National Socialists do not want sophistication. They want wholesome naïveté and they are going to have it. They are going to canalize German thought in the future along wholesome German lines. They are going to root out liberalism along with pacifism and Marxism and all books by Jewish authors.

The bonfire becomes enormously significant when regarded as an interpretation of National Socialist ideals and aspirations. In itself the book burning is a puerile act. From these flames the world may learn that to the Nazis all the later flowers of the human spirit, of pity, of tolerance, the will against war, are weaknesses to be rooted out like weeds from a garden. With this goes everything international.

Behind the fire of burning books are five "sun lamps"—blinding white lights. The little bonfire burns dark red and almost incidental in the face of their white, dazzling brightness. It is symbolic, as though the sun lamps were the blinding light of the fascist revolution, the fire made by the burning books an unimportant item in it. A huge swastika flag decorates the stage where the sun lamps hang. Other flags pour down from the balcony from which Göbbels will presently speak. The crowd is kept back by police and S. A.—Sturm Abteilungen.

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There are two crowds with a space between. You must have a ticket given out by the students to come near the bonfire.

Enormous trucks are drawn up in a wide half-circle around the fire. From the trucks the literature is handed out and passed, chain fashion, from hand to hand until it reaches the fire. On one side of the trucks near which we stand two lines of boys are passing out the pamphlets and magazines which come from the ill fated Magnus Hirschfeld collection. One line is in the brown S. A. uniforms; the other in the blue of the Nationalists. "The blues think they're the whole show," one S. A. boy grumbles to another. The rivalry between the S. A. and the other youth and military organizations has not been liquidated.

The boys pass along the proscribed literature without stopping. One boy stands knee-deep in magazines and pamphlets and gives armfuls to the waiting boy who passes it to the next one. Another boy, tired and sweating with his efforts, makes himself comfortable on the stack of magazines and pamphlets as if it were a haymow. The fire is burning a little better.

And now, borne high on the hot column of air, are unburned leaves of books. Bright as fire they mount upwards, farther and farther they soar, high above the blaze. One page goes on and on; it mounts bright and defiant as if it said, "You can't burn me. You can't burn thought." Far in the air flickers the unburned page—a symbol of the uselessness of the bonfire below.

You cannot burn thought, but you can inhibit it. You can get youth to burn the best of the living authors. It is a sorry sight after all. It is not even a great spectacle. This is one of the times the Nazis muffed it—masters of pageant as they are. Someone complains, "This should have been an awe-inspiring funeral pyre. It should have given the appearance of lightning having come down from heaven to strike pornographic and Marxian books."

But it is only a rather second-rate bonfire. There isn't even much enthusiasm among the students. No cheering. The boys passing books move as though they were doing something all in the day's work. The only truly dramatic thing was the high-floating, derisive leaves which have proved themselves imperishable.

Students in Nazi uniforms approach the microphone and tell which books they have burned. Each proscribed author has been assigned to a student to be cast into the flames.

"I have burned Thomas Mann because his thought was un-German and enfeebling—against the spirit and the Third Reich," intones an unprepossessing young man.

It is midnight already and Göbbels' voice, incredibly magnified, blares down from a balcony. We can see the slender little man talking, but I can make out only a few familiar clichés about the "uprooting of the subversive Jewish thought which has been poisoning our people" and how the true German spirit will rise phoenixlike from the flames. The funeral pyre which has had cast into it so much beauty, so much thought, and which has unconsciously consumed science, philosophy and literature, is burning low. The band plays, they sing the Deuschland song then the "Horst Wessel" song. It is over.

Earlier in the day we had gone to the Students' Clubhouse in Oranienburgerstrasse to get our passes. An excited, enthusiastic girl helped us. She was charming and intelligent besides being courteous. She explained the pass was good not only to the bonfire but for the torchlight procession and the lecture at the University.

"Oh, I do hope it all goes off well," she exclaimed. It is the students' great debut in national affairs. She looked at us with friendly eyes. No doubt dimmed her mind that the book burning could be considered anything but a splendid act.

The student house hums with life. Bursts of song come from the club rooms. It might be any campus crowd at home. It is hard to realize that these gay pleasant young people are the deadly enemies of anyone who could hold a liberal thought. That they and others like them have been instrumental in the dismissal of all Jewish professors, not only that, but of all liberal-thinking ones. That because of people like them anyone who had dared lift a voice of protest was either in seclusion, forever out of public life, or had fled into some foreign country.

When I got to the lecture hall, it was filled to overflowing. A "Germanic" audience—scarcely a head of dark hair anywhere. Half the audience was in S. A. uniforms. As I walked around the back of the hall looking for a seat, an S. A. tapped a boy on the shoulder. "Get up and give your elders a seat," he said, but without emphasis. Reverence to your elders is a Nazi matter of course. Youth has taken a sharp turn to the right.

"The first part of the revolution is over. Its tasks are almost happily ended," said the lecturer. "The second part will take longer. It involves the spiritual and economic upbuilding of the country." It was a very good lecture. Its subject was "Science, the Universities and the Revolution." The lecturer explained that the old ways of thinking would do no longer. In the old days the student and the intellectual were apart from the people. Now the worker, the peasant and the student stand together in the forming of a new society.

No one could listen to this lecture without realizing that a profound revolution had taken place. A revolution which would affect every thought, every concept, of anyone who came within the circle of its fire. A revolution that was no mere transference of power from one political party to another, but one that would change the structure of all of society and alter the economic life of the nation to an extent that the very framers of the revolution could not themselves yet foretell. A nation whose ideal was of complete unity and service.

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Hitler had a vision, a revelation of a glorified fatherland, a renewed Germany. This land was to be for Germans, inhabited by those of the pure Germanic or Nordic strain. No other people counted. Anything not German was to be shunned. This renewed Germany, inhabited only by Nordics, took its proud place again among the other nations. It tore up the Versailles Treaty. It saw Germany stand forth again a sovereign state among its peers. Its violated frontiers were reconstructed, its colonies regained. But over and above these material gains was the mystical rebirth of an awakened Germany. Not a return to the ideals of the monarchy, but an advance to those of the Third Reich.

The swastika means a philosophy, a new way of life. It is the most passionate force in the world today. It may have more to say than any other toward changing the face of Europe and therefore the face of the world. We must not underestimate what has happened. A whole nation has been swung out of its orbit. People by the thousands have fallen into the incandescent furnace of National Socialism. Hundreds or thousands of others will be driven there by necessity. From now on there will only be jobs for National Socialists.

By saying that the first tasks of the revolution had been fulfilled, the professor meant that the process known as *"Gleichschaltung"* had been practically accomplished. This means the complete control by the Nazis of all the social activities in the whole of Germany. The old states have been abolished. The proud kingdoms of Bavaria and Saxony no longer rate an ambassador of their own. Hesse and Thuringia, as all other German states, are now mere geographic names. The very day the books were burned, the trade unions and white-collar organizations were recognizing Hitler as their *Schirmherr*—their protector. With their old officials safely sitting in jail they were now being directed by Ley, Forster and Schumann—important Nazis. All of labor now belongs to the N.S.B.O. —the Nazi labor organization.

I have talked with liberals and radicals who were arrested by the S. A. and who were in prison during the terror. What happened seemed to me only too much like the things I have seen for years in our own labor movement. It was a filthy terror, and a cowardly, inglorious one, exercised against an unresisting, unarmed people, who failed to fire a single shot in their own defense. No one knows how many people were killed or "shot while trying to escape," but none of the estimates goes above 1,000. Many thousand people are now in jail or in concentration camps. A practically bloodless revolution say the Nazis. As Göring says, "You can't build a house without having shavings."

The question of the Jews is quite a different one. After the terror, the boycott followed by the "cold pogrom." The cold pogrom continues. So far as I can see, the Jews are to be starved to death. No Jew is allowed in any Nazi organization. People are afraid to patronize Jewish shops. For a whole race it is an endless pyramiding of misery and despair.

Politically, the persecution was worse than folly. It has isolated Germany and has had serious internal repercussions. Though they can say nothing, the most cultivated portions of Nationalists and Centrists are violently opposed to the pogrom.

"You can say positively that 75 percent of the German people are against this barbarism," exclaimed a friend of mine who is himself high in the Nationalist ranks. "It makes us ashamed of being Germans," a Catholic friend told me.

Beside the stamping out of Jews, Communists and all other Marxists, one of the other fruits of the revolution is that the entire educational system, from primary school to university, has been put on a National Socialist basis. All the modern experimental schools have been closed. The Jewish and liberal professors have been driven from the schools and universities.

In this the students have moved faster than the government and have repeatedly rioted to obtain the removal of a liberal professor. A *Schandpfahl,* a pillory, has been set up on all campuses on which are posted the names of professors or students who have been guilty of liberal, pacifist or other unpatriotic sentiments or acts.

In its triumphant march the revolution has swept over the theatre and cinema. In Berlin alone thirty-one directors of theatres have been dismissed and Nazi subordinates substituted. The same thing has happened in the film industry. School children are required to attend the patriotic film, "Bleeding Germany." At the State Theatre a mystical play, "Siebenstein," concerning the sabotage in the Ruhr, is being given. *" 'Siebenstein'* is wherever Germany needs help," the program informs you. It is one of the worst plays I have ever witnessed. It alternates with a play called "Schlageter." Today is the tenth anniversary of Schlageter's death at the hands of the French in the Ruhr. He is a national hero. All Berlin is decorated in his honor. Lines of little pointed swastika flags hang across the Charlottenburger Chaussee like little pointed red tongues. Thirty flags to cross the street. Huge swastikas and German flags decorate Unter den Linden. But the audiences at the play are sparse. You cannot make the most sophisticated play-going public in Europe naïve all at once, however much Göbbels calls on the playwrights to find material in the "glorious subject of the revolution."

The most dramatic subject out of recent history which I have seen was a photograph which was shown me. It was of an old Jew with a beautiful, benevolent face, being dragged through the streets in a small cart, by a hooting, jeering crowd. He sat calm and unmoved, filled with a sweet dignity as triumphant as that of the high-soaring, invulnerable book pages which fire could not burn and which a few days ago put a fiery period to the first phase of the revolution.

Berlin. MARY HEATON VORSE.

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Illinois Miners

I: The Battle of Mulkeytown

A PICTURE of Lincoln, a desk, a dictionary on a stand. Outside, the countryside of central Illinois is large and flat and calm and covered with snow.

"Why, the Battle of Mulkeytown, as they call it, is going to get to be like 'The Mayflower' for the miners—people being able to say they took part in it! They say there were eighteen thousand cars and trucks gathering strength all the way—the march was thirty or forty miles long. They were orderly—there wasn't any traffic trouble—they'd decided not to carry arms and they didn't expect any violence—a star reporter from Chicago rode along with 'em with a cane and a chow dog!

"They were going to Dowell where the people were friendly. They had a camp all ready for them there and the people were carrying in food for them and the city officials were going to receive them. But when they got to Duquoin, the police shuffled them around so that the ones who knew the way were behind—and they'd changed the signs on the road! They'd put the signs that said "To Dowell" on the road to Mulkeytown and they had machine-guns across the fork of the road that went to Dowell so they couldn't take it—they told them to go on, that the other fork went to Dowell.

"And so they went on to where the business men were lined up waiting for them in the gullies beside the road—they say they were along the road for two miles. The business men had been drilling for weeks—regular military drill! The fire-whistles would blow and they'd all run out of their offices and stores and go to the drill-grounds and drill. They had baseball bats and billiard cues and clubs! They smashed the headlights and the windshields and they'd reach in and club people's arms. The people left the cars and ran to the farmhouses—and they turned the machine-guns on the fields to keep them back. They could see the machine-gun fire mowing down the corn and there was a panic.

"The people in the houses just about went insane—they were afraid to go out. They just sat inside and heard it over the radio! Some of the men got shotguns and wanted to go out to fight, but they couldn't get enough men to go up against the machine-guns.

"People couldn't eat for a week, they were so sick. There was blood all over the concrete—and food all alongside of the road!—loaves of bread hanging on the fenceposts!—those crazy hoodlums had come down there and stamped on the tomatoes and things!—There was only one doctor in town who'd take care of the people who were hurt—and the gas stations wouldn't give them any gas! Some of them have never got their cars back! They wouldn't pick up the people who'd been hurt. There was a woman with a baby in her arms who'd been shot and they took her into the hospital—but nobody else! There was a man out all night with a broken arm.—They've got their clubs hung up in their offices, I hear, as souvenirs of the Battle of Mulkeytown.—After that the people were boiling!

"The U.M.W. officials had stolen the tally-sheets when the members voted against the $5 wage scale. Then when the locals voted to strike, the Lewis men started shooting and beating up people in Franklin Country. The chairman of the local union down there presides with a gun instead of a gavel—his brother's a deputy and he's deputized himself. That's where the Orient Mine is, that belongs to the Peabody Coal Company—it's supposed to be the biggest mine in the world. They've got a great huge factory—it used to employ two thousand before they got the machines. People get murdered brutally down there! The people are scared to come to their doors—when anybody rings at night they turn out the lights real quick and come to the door with a gun. Last August they called Joe Colbert aside and shot him when he was out picking mushrooms with his dog. His wife heard the shots and she thought somebody had shot a dog—then she saw some men in a car and she went out and found him dead. They say the sheriff was sitting in his car around the corner all the time.—I never thought such things could happen in Illinois! I'm ashamed of Illinois!—And they killed Lauranti on the picket-line—his body had sixteen shots in it. As a woman was picking him up, a man crazy drunk swung with a bat and broke his neck.

"That was when they organized the Progressives."

II: Gerry Allard

ONE OF the chief organizers of the new union is a young man of twenty-five named Gerry Allard.

Gerry Allard is a radical, and his father and his grandfathers were radicals. His father's father, a French shoemaker, was anti-clerical and the church bucked him and interfered with his business. His son, Gerry's father, threw some rocks through a window and they shut him up in the cathedral with the rats. His grandad had a fist-fight with the curé about it and the curé came staggering home crying and had his grandad jailed. The last time Gerry's grandmother went to see his grandad, she took Gerry's dad along and lifted him and let him look

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through a hole: he saw his father in chains. His father died in chains.

Gerry's dad first worked for a chair-fixer and pushed a two-wheeled cart through the streets: he began by hollering chairs, then he learned to sing, and this afterwards made him popular with the workers. He worked in the textile mills of Lille till, at the time he was sixteen years old, there was a strike, and he took part in it and they chased him out. He went to the coal fields of Pas-de-Calais and got a job as a miner. There he married Gerry's mother, a miner's daughter. Her father was a socialist labor leader, and Gerry's father became a Blanquist and a collectivist. They had nine children and gave most of them revolutionary names: Robespierre, Liberté, Louise-Michel, etc. Gerry, whose full name is Germinal, was named after Zola's novel, at that time the Bible of the miners.

When Gerry's dad went to do his military service, he sang anarchist songs to the soldiers and got court-martialed and jailed. He deserted and went to the Belgian mines. He got back when there was a general amnesty. In 1906, the Courrier disaster occurred: three mines were blown up and 1,400 men killed. There was a strike and a mass funeral, at which his grandad made a speech and called the operators murderers. He was indicted and Millerand defended him. His dad, who had become an active syndicalist, was discharged for his part in the strike. Gerry was born on the second anniversary of the Courrier disaster and his mother made a red flag and the syndicalist leaders came in and laid it over his cradle.

His dad was never allowed to keep a job after this, he had to go from mining-camp to mining-camp and finally came to America, in 1912, when Gerry was four, landing in Johnson City, Illinois, where there were five hundred French families. He was soon helping start a French socialist paper, and Gerry voted for Debs when he was in the Fourth Grade. Later, he got to be president of his class and captain of the school basket-ball team and won the prize in an essay contest; but he fought the Boy Scouts and the R.O.T.C. and joined the Young Communist League, and one day the teacher came to him and told him he would have to stop circulating The Young Worker. He refused, and the teacher told him that in that case the Board of Education were expelling him. The girls cried and wanted to quit, but he told them to stay in their seats, he wasn't stuck on their darn school, and he went home. His mother cried and said that it was too much that after they had come to this country, he should be starting the same thing over again that had caused them so much trouble and misery.

He was tried before the School Board and all the regular flunkies, the small-town Babbitts, of Dowell were there: the mine manager, the mine superintendent, the postmaster, the depot agent. His dad came and tried to remonstrate in broken French-English, and the teacher laughed at him and made him sore. He told them what he thought of the situation: "You were going to give him an education!" he said. "Well, now he's finished with you! He's going to join the local union and get an education—and you, you're going to give him a job!"

Gerry was initiated the same week into the U.M.W.A. He never missed a meeting and soon took his position with the left wing. Foster was his great admiration: he says that he values Foster's pamphlet on Strike Strategy more than all the other books he has, put together—that he has learned from it everything he knows about fighting the labor war. Foster knows the labor field thoroughly and knows it at first hand. Gerry ran into him once in New York coming round a corner near Union Square, and Foster recognized him instantly and asked at once: "How's the situation in that No. 2 Orient Mine?"

But in 1928, when Cannon was put out of the Communist party, Gerry protested and got suspended; and in 1930, he was expelled on the charge that he had defended the mistakes of the Illinois National Miners' Union secretary. This secretary was a miner and a close friend of Gerry's, and he had lately done a year in jail for trying to organize the miners outside the A. F. of L. He and Gerry had believed that they understood the mining situation better than some of the college boys from the Communist headquarters in New York and they were beginning to disregard the party decisions. Gerry's anarcho-syndicalist tradition did not make it easy for him to adapt himself to the discipline demanded by the party. He refused to repudiate his comrade-in-arms and was expelled without a trial and without being allowed to make a statement, and was branded a Trotskyite—though at that time he hardly knew what the Stalin-Trotsky controversy was all about and had to read up on the subject to find out what his ideas were supposed to be. He told them that they were always talking about clarifying the issues and that here was a case where clarification was needed; but the lid was clamped right down on discussion. He began to suspect that the Communists didn't really want to build unions, but only to build the party.

He himself, expelled from the party, continued to work at building a union; and it was he and not the Communist N.M.U. who succeeded in getting the Illinois miners away from the U.M.W.A. With an Irishman, Pat Ansboury, an old U.M.W.A. man but a friend of the murdered Colbert, lately aroused against the Lewis leadership, Allard set out, after the Mulkeytown March, to organize a new union, the Progressives.

For so young a man, Allard has been able to exert a most remarkable influence. He has declined most of the important offices in his union to edit the weekly paper, The Progressive Miner, through which with compelling vitality he has guided and kept up the morale of the movement. Allard is dark-eyed, small and high-keyed, with considerable personal charm, the accurate, quick French mind and the defiant syndicalist fire. He looks like such

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a boy that if it were not for a face scarred by the mines and for the tone of bitter seriousness which the mention of Franklin County evokes from him, it would be hard to remember that he is not a college student instead of a person of mature experience who has had to do his reading when he could and has been occupying ever since he left school positions of responsibility to the rank and file of the miners. He has even been attempting lately to found a new federation of labor in Illinois.

Allard and his young Finnish wife live in Gillespie with their baby in a little yellow house not much bigger than their garage. Their real home is Franklin County, but Gerry's life has been in danger down there ever since he led the rebellion against the U.M.W.A. He and his wife were put in jail, then told by the state's attorney to make their getaway. When he goes back to try to organize under cover, the Lewis gunmen lay for him outside his father's and sister's houses.

On Gerry's twenty-first birthday, his wife gave him a copy of "Germinal," which she had been able to get for seventy-five cents, because he had never read it. I saw in a house in Gillespie a copy of Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms" which he had given her. A characteristic choice: the bravery and sense of honor which Hemingway admires are indispensable qualities for people who are trying to build an independent union in a region where, as it is said in Illinois, they either buy you up, frame you up or bump you off. And the courage of the miners has a dignity beyond that of the bull-fighter or the modern soldier because they fight, not merely for the glory of an individual or a nation, but, knowing their place in a larger scheme, for a goal that lies beyond these. EDMUND WILSON.

This is the first of two articles on the Illinois miners.—THE EDITORS.

Havana: 1933

WHEN I had visited Havana before, I had liked the crowds on the Prado at night. The Prado is a wide boulevard stretching through the city from the harbor mouth to the Capitol. It has a broad tiled walk in the middle, lined with hedges and palms and Spanish laurel trees and great stone seats. At night it used to be filled with people who found it exciting to walk up and down and talk and see other people walking up and down. It was one of the handsomest and most cheerful streets in the world.

But when I came back to Havana, there were few people at night on the Prado, and they were quieter.

"They'll come out again after Machado goes," Luis Alvarez said. *"El gran carnicero."*

If you complain about anything in Cuba, they tell you it will be all right when Machado goes.

"It's a strong government," George Howell said. He was an American living in Havana. He told me about the *Porra,* an organization of thugs secretly serving the government. We talked a little about it. At midnight I said I would walk home.

"Aren't you wearing a hat?" Luis asked.

"No," I answered. "Not on nights in Cuba."

He went into the hall and brought back a hat.

"Really, I don't want a hat," I said.

"You better wear it," Luis said.

"Why should a man wear a hat when he doesn't want to wear a hat?" I asked.

"You'll look like a student without a hat," Luis explained.

"You better wear it," George said.

I put it on.

"If you meet the *Porra,* talk English," George advised me.

I walked up the Malecón along the sea to the Avenida Presidente Machado which everybody calls Calle Veinti tres. Then I turned left up the hill to Vedado, the residential section just outside Havana. On the opposite side of the street there were five or six men in shirt-sleeves or in coarse-linen suits. Two of them were Negroes. I crossed the street aslant in front of them.

"Olá!" one called.

I went on without paying attention. He came up to me in rapid strides.

"Oigame," he said. "Where are you going?"

"Are you a policeman?" I asked.

"Where are you going?"

"Home. If you are going to ask me questions, kindly show me your badge."

Two other men were approaching us.

"That doesn't matter," he said. "Where is your house?"

"Are you a policeman?" I repeated.

"Where are you coming from?"

"He's an American," another one said. "Let the *cabrón* go."

I knew what that word meant in Cuba, and I was just angry enough to walk to the next corner where there would be a policeman. I was sure I would find one, because the Chief of Staff of the army lived there and his house was guarded by policemen and soldiers night and day.

"Are those men on the corner members of the police?" I inquired.

He looked down the street and hesitated and said: "No."

"Why did they stop me and ask me questions?"

"They let you go," he said. "You better go home."

"If they are not policemen and have no badge, they cannot stop me," I said. "Why don't you send them away?"

The look on his face was a mixture of stubbornness and fear. "They let you go," he said. "You better go home."

George and I were going to a charity ball at the Casino, but it was canceled the day before. George said that the Casino had been warned that the dance would be bombed.

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"What's the idea?" I asked him.

"By the students, probably. Keeps the country nervous." He was making a *daiquiri,* shaking the lime and sugar and ice first, and then putting in the rum and more ice, and shaking it again.

"I thought the students were leading the revolt to purify Cuba," I said.

"If you were a student, and they closed your university and schools for two or more years and arrested your friends, you would resent it, wouldn't you?"

"Sure," I said. "I might protest and join a revolution. But I wouldn't throw bombs."

"Well, there are other reasons," George said.

He made *daiquiris* that were nearly as good as the ones you got at the Florida Bar. I used to meet him on the balcony of his apartment almost every evening. He lived in a quiet part of Vedado where there were only a few houses. Once I saw a sedan run slowly along the street and stop. There were three policemen inside, and they opened the door and pushed two young men out into the street. One of them stood hunched by the door, and the other tried to get into the car again. A policeman hit him on the chest with the butt of a rifle, and he fell on one knee on the street.

"Run!" the policeman shouted at him.

The first one took a few steps forward uncertainly. The other one stood up and walked away from the car and then toward it. They didn't want to run. Then they both began running in a panic down the street.

"Come inside," George said in my ear, jerking my arm.

There were two Negroes with rifles on either side of the street. I saw them just as they fired. One of the young men fell, but the other just stumbled and ran on.

"Come inside," George shouted. "You'll get hit."

Inside, he looked sick. I heard three more shots.

"They tried to escape," George said. "They were shot trying to escape."

The Street of the Bishop is in the old city, very narrow, very old. But it is still distinguished, and it is still the main shopping and business street. Parallel to it, one block away, is the Street of Pious Works. It, also, is a business street. I was walking up it at the end of the day, coming from a cruise boat.

"Good afternoon," a girl said to me from a doorway.

"Good afternoon," I said. I was a little surprised. And then I noticed as I walked along that there were a number of girls in the open windows and doors and a few on the street.

"I shouldn't think they would be there, in that district," I remarked to Luis and George at dinner.

"In the President's message to Congress he stated that prostitution was becoming nonexistent in Havana," George told me.

"He overlooked that street," I said.

We had dinner in the sidewalk cafe of the Hotel Pasaje, facing the Capitol. The Capitol is a very large marble building and cost $18 million. That is nearly half of Cuba's budget this year. It was very profitable to the government.

"Shall we show him the town, Luis?" George suggested after dinner.

"Not I," Luis said.

George and I went through the Capitol gardens. There were Negro girls in the shadow of the trees and of the building. On the Prado there were a few blonde girls for the tourists, but old-looking and painted, and not many of them. The Street of Souls and the Street of Virtues run perpendicularly from the Prado, and on those streets especially and on all the streets a block from the Prado there were girls in the darkened doorways and windows.

"It's the best economic index there is," George said.

They would stand at the opening and call to you softly as you went by. It seemed to me that there was a girl, or two girls, in every doorway. I had never seen so many—except perhaps in Berlin in the three years after the War. Most of them were not very pretty, and there was always the faint smell of talcum powder and sweat. But there was one—a mulatto—who was quite pretty and young.

"Do you want to go in?" George asked.

"Come," she invited. "Come in. *Ven!* It is a very good thing." She smiled and moved her dress.

"It's cheap," George said. "Forty cents, maybe."

"Let's get out of here," I said.

We took a taxi to go to the Yacht Club for a drink. On the way we passed the monument to the "Maine." It is a really graceful memorial, a symbol of friendship between the United States and Cuba, with two tall white columns supporting an eagle facing the sea.

VINCENT DANE.

Come Let Us Praise

Come let us praise fire and defiant dust,
Wind, water—all restless lovers that forsake
The cold arms of stability, that wake
Beauty who lies abed with death, and trust
No voice but change. Come let us praise the good
Brief-budded flower, and a moment after
Gather the ripe fruit; while with secret laughter
The jackal-faced Anubis in the blood
Runs yoked with youth, but scents his own decay;
And earth's strong roots that pierce the winding-sheet,
Already find the bone-locked marrow sweet.
Let us praise them now: they are but for a day!
Praise bread, desire, meat, sin—all things that sever
Life from eternal life, ever and forever.

RUTH LECHLITNER.

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Washington Notes

Thrown to the Wolves—Morgan's Little Playmates—The Conference—After the Storm —The Disability Cuts

THE Morgan investigation continues to be the center of all interest in Washington; and the main question is still whether or not Mr. Woodin and Mr. Davis will be thrown out of the sleigh into a snowdrift to divert and delay the wolves. Mr. Roosevelt is getting a lot of adulation for the noble way he is standing by his friends—adulation, I must regretfully report, to which he is not entitled. What does anyone expect the poor man to do?—Tell it around that he is dissatisfied but still, for political reasons, feels he must cling to his Secretary of the Treasury and his Ambassador-at-Large? Relations with important subordinates are not conducted that way, in this or any other administration. Either you are in or you are out, and until the moment when you are visibly out, there is no hint that you are no longer in. If Willie and Norman have to go, they will resign for reasons of health, or to attend to urgent private affairs, and these resignations will come like that well known bolt from the equally well known blue, accompanied by letters of surprise and pain—but acquiescence—from the President. That's just the way these things are done.

Some of the more conservative papers are complaining loudly that the attacks on men in high places who were on Mr. Morgan's little list are just the work of a few of the wilder radicals. They point out in aggrieved tones that most of the gentlemen who accepted stock below the market value did so either long before they ever dreamed of holding public office or—as in the case of the late Mr. Coolidge—after they had stepped down from the throne. They also insist, a little shrilly, that all rich men swap around favors of this sort, that it is entirely legal, and that the stock which was offered well below the market subsequently went down so far that the recipients, unless they had sold out pretty promptly, lost money. All of which is true, but none of which alters the fundamental fact, which is: that the American people have been deeply angered by the Morgan revelations, and that no public servant known to have been on terms of intimate friendship with the firm in the past can ever be wholly trusted in the future. Technically, this may be all wrong; but fundamentally and instinctively it is right, and no amount of anxious explaining can wipe it out.

As these words are written, the American delegation to the World Economic and Monetary Conference is on the high seas bound toward a meeting which Washington regards with skepticism verging into dark-blue pessimism. Both Professor Moley and President Roosevelt have tried recently to prepare American public opinion for a disappointment at London, lest the shock of comparative failure, when expectation had been of glowing success, should take some of the buoyancy out of America's rising confidence, reflected now in so many ways. Professor Moley's recent speech, in particular, was intended to be read, not only on this side of the Atlantic, but on the other, both as a warning of possible failure and as a threat in case that failure should occur. This is America's last offer to Europe, he said in effect. If the four Great Powers which, with many other countries, will sit in the conference, don't intend to be good, the United States doesn't propose to sit down and cry about it. It will, on the contrary, go in for an epoch of isolation compared with which its former attitude will seem as companionable and cosy as life on a submarine. The administration no longer believes, as it seemed to do a few months ago, that prosperity cannot be restored in the United States alone, or that a restoration of international trade on a large scale is indispensable. We would welcome such a restoration—but if it doesn't come, and come quickly, this country will take steps to do what it can for itself without reference to European conditions. It will attempt, of course, to obtain reciprocal-tariff bargains from individual countries—and notably, Canada and the Argentine. It will endeavor to get the war debts, now demonstrably nothing but an international nuisance, out of the way. It will work toward an approximate stabilization of the values of dollar, pound and franc toward one another, on the sensible ground that wild fluctuations make trade almost impossible. But it will attempt these things in a healthy spirit of realism, and under no illusions about the possibility, to say nothing of the necessity, of bringing about complete international accord. At least, Washington considers this attitude both healthy and realistic.

"When the devil was sick," etc. Eight weeks ago, there was almost nothing which the Roosevelt administration asked which American business was not tumbling over itself to grant. Then things still looked so black that the only question the average industrialist or financier thought about was how to keep afloat, by whatever means. But today, things are different. Wheat and other farm products have gone up 25 percent. The stock market is booming. Other business indicia are shooting uphill almost as precipitously as they came down in January and February. Business is beginning to ask whether the storm isn't over, after all, and if so, whether the Roosevelt program hadn't better be halted before it is too late. Under particular attack are three provisions of the Industrial Recovery Act. Business is delighted to have the anti-trust laws suspended—but it wants them suspended altogether, and not with any crippling reservations about "the public interest." It also objects to the notion that higher taxes on corporations should pay even part of the money necessary to support the $3,300 million public-works program. Certain open-shop interests object to the fact that the bill proposes to rule out yellow-dog anti-union contracts with workers. The better times get, the louder the howls from this group will be.

A few months ago, an official representative of the American Legion stood on a platform in New York City and said that payments to veterans would never be reduced, for the simple reason that veterans are voters, and that Congress would not dare to touch their emoluments. He was almost right, but not entirely. Under the stress of a great national emergency, faced by a badly unbalanced budget and with the President using every particle of his prestige at the moment when it was highest, Congress did vote, not to cut the veterans' pay, but to let the President take the onus of doing so. The subsequent roar from the former

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soldiers resounded to high heaven and was almost enough to blow down the walls of Jericho. Under the circumstances, it was simply fantastic optimism to hope or expect that Congress would keep its hands off. A letter or a visit from a disabled veteran is just the sort of evidence which appeals to the simple, emotional nature of the average Congressman, who is usually without sufficient imagination to visualize suffering except when concrete cases are brought to his personal attention. There have been plenty of such letters and visits. Everybody agrees, of course, that the new economy regulations probably worked many individual cases of injustice; and President Roosevelt has conceded this, in his proposal for an independent investigation committee to look into these cases and report to him. But is anyone so simple-minded as to suppose that Congress, left to itself, will take care of the meritorious cases, and only those? If he does, he hasn't been around, and he doesn't know the ropes. Generally speaking, Congress still stands by the good old rule: give anything he wants to anybody who is in a position to have you fired if he doesn't get it. Perhaps that's not very good statesmanship; but as far as Congress knows, it is swell politics.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The Merry Men—Pennies for a President's Old Age—Wisdom from the Bench—The R.F.C. Sobers Up

THE United Corporation episode of the Morgans, recently unveiled under Mr. Pecora's skillful direction, is quickly summarized.

Newspapers, eager for news, have failed to carry any account of the fact that while the Senate Committee was probing the House of Morgan, the Federal Trade Commission was doing the same thing. It made a more complete—if unreported—picture of the United Corporation. The Morgans assembled securities with a market value of $69 million and turned them over to the United. It then, immediately, *wrote them up* to $122 million—$53 million being water. This proves that the Morgans of today are still doing precisely the same thing that the elder J. P. was doing when he flooded United States Steel with water. On the day United Corporation was formed, these $69 million of securities, thus written up to $122 million, were, in the form of United stock, worth $141 million on the market, and five months later they were worth $260 million.

Morgan and his Merry Men paid $20 million for 800,000 shares of common and 2 million option warrants. Five months later all this had a market value of $87 million. They did not all cash in on this outrageous profit, as they might have. But that was because they were, in spite of being the Morgans, not so smart as generally supposed. They thought prosperity would last—as badly fooled as any little dumb ticker-gazer. If they did not cash in, it was because they were not so wise as they were greedy.

Much has been heard of the corporation presidents who got Morgan hand-outs and the public and political figures who benefited. But let us not overlook the press—the palladium of our liberties. How much is the good will of the financial editor of a great New York newspaper worth to the Morgans? What was Mr. Franz Schneider, the financial editor of The New York Sun in 1929, doing among the recipients of Morgan hand-outs? The New York Evening Post has been shedding tears over the attacks on dear Mr. Morgan. Mr. John C. Martin, son-in-law of Cyrus H. K. Curtis and general manager of The Post, is down for 1,000 shares as well as for a loan from the Morgans.

The Post, incidentally, groaned at the revelation that the Morgans "had tried to help a beloved ex-President make a few dollars for his old age." There is either a comedian writing Post editorials or a Red in disguise who is trying to make it ridiculous. The beloved Calvin needed no aid from the Morgans for his old age. That gentleman, shortly before his death, told a New York editor that the Coolidge family for four generations had never impaired the principal of its savings. When Coolidge's father died, Calvin inherited a substantial sum, and got back $100,000 which he himself had handed over to his father when he became President. After he left the White House he had a large sum—what in New England would be called a small fortune—saved from his six years as President. Moreover, he proceeded to write for several magazines and got as high as $17,500 an article for some of those amazing productions. In the first year of his retirement he made more than he had saved in his six years as President. Then he signed up with a newspaper syndicate to write a daily paragraph or two for a number of papers for which he received, in one year, $250,000. What he was worth when he died, no one knows. But it is said that, before the market sank to its 1931 lows, his fortune was over half a million—an extraordinary sum for a man who was never in business and who never, until past middle life, occupied an office that paid more than a few thousand any year. The man is dead. But the fruit of his six years as President still remains, with all its bitter taste, for the American people. Well fixed as he was, holding as he did the trust of so large a number of the American people, writing as a philosopher, exercising a powerful influence over the minds of millions by reason of the high office he had held, his acceptance of these stock-market hand-outs from the Morgan firm must stand as a sad commentary on the standards of the America of 1929.

The following letter comes to me. "Your mean-spirited criticism of Secretary Woodin (and all the carping people like you) is now fully rebuked. I'll trust President Roosevelt's sense of what is right and wrong before yours. If there was anything wrong in what the firm of Morgan did in disposing of stocks through various leading business men, President Roosevelt wouldn't keep Secretary Woodin in his Cabinet one minute. Therefore the President's approval of these purely business transactions is a rebuke to the discontented minds like yours always looking for something to criticize."

I can only say that I heartily agree that Mr. Woodin's continuance in office is open to this meaning.

The following words of wisdom of Federal Judge

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Arthur J. Tuttle in Michigan are interesting. In that state most banks have been closed, following the most complete banking collapse in history—a whole great industrial state paralyzed. Recently it was made possible to pay depositors of some of these banks 30 percent of their deposits. A depositor asked a federal injunction to prevent depositors, who were also stockholders, from getting any part of their deposits. Judge Tuttle refused the injunction and reproved the depositor. He said the depositors were "almost the luckiest people alive."

"Where would these depositors be if they had bought real estate? What if they had bought stocks? There are working girls I know of who paid $100 for lots that are not worth $10 now. These depositors don't know how much they will get back, but it will be more than these others will get. . . . Even if these depositors get only fifty cents on the dollar, their fifty cents will buy more than it used to buy. These depositors don't deserve all the tears they are getting."

Of course, the girls who bought lots and those who bought stocks speculated. Those who put their money in the banks didn't. They merely sought a safe depository. There is a difference. The Detroit Free Press, reporting this, informs us that Federal Judge Tuttle is also president of the People's Bank at Leslie, Michigan.

On May 3, I called attention in this department to the manner in which the Van Sweringens had, through the Alleghany Corporation, sold to the Missouri-Pacific Railroad certain properties in St. Joseph and Kansas City, Missouri, at prices enormously in excess of their actual values. Three weeks later there came the end of a beautiful friendship. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which had ladled out $23,134,800 in government-money loans to the MOP, brought court action against it and the Van Sweringens. The R.F.C. revealed that the MOP had defaulted on its loans and, furthermore, demanded that the court inquire into this St. Joseph and Kansas City deal. It intimated that the odor of the sea hung over this transaction and added a few details about the matter which had escaped the eye of this commentator. The R.F.C. seems to be sobering up after the big spree. JOHN T. FLYNN.

Missed Connections: I

OUR THEATRE season may now be said to have come to an end, a poor season at that for the producers, whose houses have too often been empty or papered or too soon closed, a disastrous season for many actors and playwrights, and a disappointment, calamity or bore for many theatre-goers. The depression, in sum, hit the theatre, as it did the rest of American life and affairs. Meanwhile there have been the successes and failures, and sharing in these an unusual and surprising number of shoe-string producers, people who have never touched the theatre before, risking good money after bad, play after play put on out of the void, so to speak. I cannot honestly say that I have found it strange that people have not patronized the theatre, for there has been very little on Broadway that was worth the money and much that was not worth an evening, even where money was plentiful. But I can say that if everything else had not already been blamed on the depression, I might be surprised at the degree to which the depression is held to account for the theatre state of things.

We have, thus, seen the course of affairs in the theatre: the rows between stage-hand unions and managers, the objections of dramatists and players to their own earnings as contrasted with these back-stage mechanics; the discussions by Equity about the actors' more or less ethical position in this situation; the charity benefits; the actors' meal places; the complaints against the newspaper critics, whose disapproval, caustics or satiety have been taken to hurt theatre business by keeping off the public; the inexhaustible problem of unemployment in the theatre, and so on. All these points have been discussed and repeated endlessly. Depression, poverty, despair, in the theatre as on all sides of life around us. In the meantime, however, a difference arises. Thought has been expended on these national or popular problems, the field of argument in economic, political, social theories has been widened enormously; men, shaken up and at last uncertain of what they must follow, are willing to listen, committees, commissions, reformers, gather or are appointed for this investigation or that formulation, this party, that proposal, et cetera. It is a sad comment on the theatre among us that we have heard very little of anything in a like direction. I have heard no theories, nothing that is questioning the very nature of the theatre art, I have heard nothing that turned on its esthetic, and heard of no groups set up to take such matters into consideration. What I have heard has been largely bleats and howls, debates that argued over rights and wages, plans for relief, threats, excuses, resentments. All this concern is solidly founded, that is obvious; but I see no reason to think it any more pathetic or serious when it comes to the theatre than it is in the case of the farmers, workers, bondholders and others on whom the depression falls. There is another poverty and desperation in the theatre about which less is said.

I will not dwell on this point but only put a handful of cases. Let us suppose that Miss Eva Le Gallienne this season has found it next to impossible to keep her courageous and often admirable theatre venture open and going. She has given us her "Alice in Wonderland," which is one of the year's few solutions in theatre problems, a bold entertainment full of taste, *con amore,* wit and technical variation, one of those stage creations which, if they are not solidly enough within dramatic tradition to be repeated too often, are yet in their way distinguished and unique. She has given us "The Cherry Orchard" and through that mere fact has given, for one aspect of it, Madame Nazimova an opportunity for her beautiful portrayal of Chekhov's heroine. Let us suppose that Miss Le Gallienne were earning an income less than that of a stage-hand, or that some of her company were earning much less than the man who sits at the switchboard for the lights. I have heard this of Miss Le Gallienne's theatre, but whether or not it is true makes no difference; it has been true in many productions this season and my point remains the same, which is that the greatest of the depressing forces against which such an admirable spirit as that at the Civic Repertory Theatre works is the force of apathy, of hollowness, of spiritual poverty in the public on which the theatre depends and out of which it must grow. If—to take another illustration—descending the stair of a none too shining flat or boarding house, an

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actor knew that presently his best would be expected of him, that it was for him that Francis Thompson was speaking when he said "the chamber in the house of dreams is filled with so divine an air," that presently he should be creating himself fully, what another thing his way to the theatre would be! If the theatre were a part of life, expressing that life, waited for by it, fed by it, or if the theatre were close to the people, a humbler form that is at the other extreme from its more passionate and exalted possibilities, how much more easily could the stage-hands be forgotten in the pressure of creation, contest or applause! If the theatre even talked about—beyond infantile terms—what is going on in serious people's minds and so persuaded toward itself the miracle of response, or had bricks thrown at its head because of the fear of some contention it made, what a different thing the depression would mean! There is no current on which our theatre may ride, the comradeship of life that is felt in emergencies by the most average of human beings but is so easily missed in the average living, the sustaining nearness of other life and thought that is half the battle. You cannot say that our theatre has to swim against the current of American life; it would be better to say that it cannot find a current to swim with.

On the other hand I should not want to seem so foolish as to separate the theatre from the rest of our American conditions, to make a special case of it. The whole hangs together. The land is full of little people who have been so busy driving themselves, accepting the *status quo* with the personal chances to it, so innocently bent on promotion and success, so empty speeding on, that now when they find themselves no longer assured of, in such simple terms, success and motion, they are in a bad way indeed. They are in a bad way not only with regard to money and its implications, but all through their inmost beings and their human adjustments. The plight of serious artists in our theatre is the plight of serious people throughout the country, plus the artist's own special tragedy and wreckage that I have tried to indicate above. But the average little Broadway theatre person, actor, playwright, designer or producer, without cultivation, even the once necessary stage technique, without having heard of much beyond a good run, "good notices" in widely sold newspapers, and easy money, is left now with only the depression to rattle around in.

This matter of current, relation to life, joyous or intense creation, the support and sustenance that derive from having something to express and finding a chance to say it; or, if it gets to that, of coming from a far-off holy place with rags and palm to your own kind of reward; or, if your sun is jolly, of creating yourself in the audience' laughter, brings us subtly to another discussion, that of propaganda in the theatre. The confusion of attitude with regard to the subject of propaganda in the theatre art bears on our theatre's emptiness, on its lack of vital connection with the world around it, and on its aspect under the depression.

We may conjecture what this propaganda attitude relates to. It would be chic, of course, to lay it on democracy, which has of late been taking the lead over the more physical causes for the more fashionable sources of mishap. But we cannot lay it there, not at least on the democracy that Mr. Ordway Tead in his essay implies when he says that it "affirms that human personality is an ultimate good and that each individual has a certain unique worthfulness which requires that his life be regarded as an end in itself —not as a means to someone else's ends," and which is "a *process* of achievement in the realm of qualitative good." There is, for all that, however, another aspect of democracy that may come in for blame: the democratic in the sense (which might be thought somewhat special but is in fact very general among us) of the free-for-all—not free to think but free to get. This leads directly to pleasing all or, better perhaps, to offending the smallest number. We have thus the paring down and washing out, the generalizing and popularizing, the pepping up or sugaring down of comment, opinion and reports that our whole country is so familiar with. At this particular moment in our social life we may be seeing already the signs of the irony that follows such a policy and relaxation and habit: when you get through, nobody is pleased, on the basis that the last thing people want is what they think they want or what, when they, as Emerson says, "descend to meet," they say they want. Our power to be empty, under this freedom from life in order to get, has proved to be astonishing. Our acceptance of the success motif makes us respect advertising. Our *amour propre* prefers a surface of sincere opinion and truth, even when we know we are being fed a point of view or herded to market; and when our competitive habit senses propaganda, we are either very much alive to it, for or against, or else resent the intrusion it makes upon our easy or at least semi-settled moments and acceptances.

This touches, at one angle, on the case of propaganda in the theatre, a subject that requires of me another note.

STARK YOUNG.

Men, Women and Beasts

THE FRONT of the Rialto Theatre, New York City, during the run of "Forgotten Men," was covered with hundreds of little stills which looked, at a distance, like pages torn from a postage-stamp album. Photographs of men in steel helmets resting by the side of muddy roads, of barbed-wire entanglements in the fog, of tubby guns spitting black smoke, of huddled corpses, some lying like bundles on the ground, some excruciatingly gouged, torn, bloody, wide-eyed, too long unburied. . . . Passers-by would glance at the photographs, hesitate, and stop to look at them with the eternal horrified absorption of those who are lucky enough to witness a street accident. Above the theatre were signs luring the public with the warning that this picture was not for people with weak hearts.

"Forgotten Men" is a medley of old war films, pasted together—but not the films that were shown to us when it seemed necessary for us to believe in that war. Along with shots of parades, of generals—now as forgotten as the men under them, the men under the ground—along with the regulation glimpses of huge explosions, of sweating gun crews stoking seventy-fives, are others—French working parties lowering French dead into their common ditch; men gasping and coughing out their gas-filled throats, a wounded man lying and flapping feebly, automatically, like a half-mashed insect, on the side of a naked hill; tangles of motionless arms and legs at the bottom of a trench.

All through the film a voice of booming, lachrymose in-

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sincerity, a mixture of Shakespearean ham and upstate Senator (we see him too, but let that pass) underlines the horrors like a barker. "One minute after this picture was taken the camera man was shot. . . . Now watch carefully —you're going to see a man killed. . . ." And so we do. Yet the gray body falls so clumsily and so suddenly flat. . . . One can almost hear a director say "Rotten, get up and do it again."

But there was no director; the man really was killed. And death, brother, is clumsy, artless. And reality, in these jerky, faded pictures, these gray, ancient rolls of celluloid peopled with men gray as ghosts, somehow does not bring up from our insides that cry of Never Again which it should.

Curious, is it not, that the real thing, the swift, awkward stab of a bayonet into a cowering uniform (so unconvincing that it must be true); that a battle scene taken by a man who died a minute later should move one less than the unforgettable counterfeit in "The Big Parade" or "All Quiet on the Western Front." I cannot explain why, on the screen, fiction is so often stranger than truth. Stranger, and better able to make us feel the things we think about war. Here for example, is a German submarine film, "Morgenrot" (at the Little Carnegie). A film that does not set out to persuade us to any point of view about patriotism or pacifism, but merely tries to tell us how men behaved inside a German submarine in the North Sea, how their friends and relatives in a small seaport felt about them. And, with its sure, solid, very beautiful photography, its quite extraordinary choice and use of faces, its ability to communicate to us the excitement of the men who fought from under the sea, and in spite of an ending a little too heroic to be believed, one of the best of the innumerable war films. Also, an illuminating and sympathetic glimpse of the German weapon that was most execrated by Germany's enemies.

A third of "Morgenrot" takes place on land. The cheering and bustle as the men leave the railway station to go back to the U-boat, scenes of parting by lamplight that might so easily be sentimental, but are so natural that, far from being embarrassed, one feels the beginnings of a lump in the throat. Then the stern waters of the North Sea, and oily, healthy faces watching the countless dials, minding the labyrinth of mysterious wheels that makes one think this photographer likes machinery quite as well as men. A sudden glimpse, through the range-finding squares and tiny numbers of the periscope, of enemy battleships flying long flags of black smoke. The irresistible joy of the chase, the staccato orders, the telltale needles on the gauges, the rapt look of the men, in a suspense as ecstatic as that of duck hunters. And their boyish joy when the torpedo strikes. Unforgettable shots of the submarine's sinister prow sinking, sinking under the waves, of a sailor affectionately slapping the torpedo tube as the shot is fired, of men waiting, waiting, as the submarine dives away from the depth bombs.

The end is a little hard to believe—the submarine, disabled, lies on the bottom, her middle chamber flooded, oxygen for only three hours, eight life-saving suits for the ten men who remain. Two of the men—officer and sailor, commit suicide. The nobility is a little too thick—but only a little. The faces save it. Hollywood could learn much from these faces, which do not express their feelings in headlines—the faces of men rather than of stars at $5,000 a week.

Once in a while Hollywood learns something from foreign films, a touch of poetry or of lightness. But it cannot seem to learn everything. "Zoo in Budapest" is a good instance—a story that could be wholly idyllic, fantastic. A young fellow is brought up in a zoo, and loves animals so much that he steals furs from ladies' shoulders, and helps a poor girl who has escaped from an orphan asylum to hide in the darkness of the zoo, closed at nightfall. There are some lovely shots of animals, and a sense of the mystery of this home of beasts when men have left it, but the producers thought it necessary to bolster a simple story by throwing "Tarzan" and "Bring 'Em Back Alive" and half a dozen other standard commodities into the melting pot.

About the last novel one would have thought possible to adapt to the screen was Faulkner's "Sanctuary." Aside from the perverted horror of the main theme, aside from the lynching, the method of the book itself, which accounts for much of its strange quality, would be impossible to translate in a film. Reading "Sanctuary" is like watching indistinct objects swim up toward the surface of the water, only to sink before they become quite clear, to sink and swim up again and again to sink. But here is "Sanctuary" —minus the two chief horrors—under the name of "The Story of Temple Drake" and filmed, so I am told, with the collaboration of Faulkner himself. It is a curious attempt at something that does not come off. Instead of the lynching and the queerly effective story of Popeye's early life at the end of the book, we have no end of plot and counterplot winding up in a juicy and dreadful courtroom scene. Only the first half of the film tries to keep pace with the book. And the sinister is less sinister when spread before one's eyes than when half-told, then half-retold and guessed at with difficulty. There are moments and shots in "The Story of Temple Drake" which try honestly to reproduce the shiftless, blear-eyed tragedy of the opening chapters, but the film is painfully explicit, and, as the book is the exact opposite, dreariness is the result.

ROBERT LITTELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

An Artist's Legal Rights

SIR: When Diego Rivera was ordered down from his scaffolding at Radio City, an issue was presented which is of vital interest to mural painters, namely, the artist's legal right to execute, terminate and exhibit the work contracted for. This question has never been determined in court. Borderline English cases have held that where an actor is paid his contract salary but refused the right to act, he may by injunction compel the director to allow him to act, on the ground that he contracted by implication for the right to act as well as for the right to receive his salary. Until this issue has been judicially determined, the artist should uphold his professional integrity by insisting on such a stipulation in his contract.

Here, I think, we approach the general and moral aspect of the relation of artist and employer. I believe that the artist

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should have and is denied the same relation that exists elsewhere between employer and employee, between buyer and seller: the relation, namely, of a rigid statement of specification by the employer or buyer and of complete freedom of execution by the employee or seller. And I think in justice it should be said that this relation is as little understood by the artist as by his employer. When our government buys blankets for our army or cement for the construction of Boulder Dam it rigidly specifies the qualities of weight, durability and strength that must be maintained. On the other hand, it does not interfere with the manufacturer in the production of the materials. When the artist of the Italian Renaissance signed a contract, the specifications were rigidly outlined. A certain saint in blue, another in red, a portrait of the donor to the right, landscape and angels in the background; the quality of the canvas, the colors, the varnish all determined. But the employer neither interfered with the artist nor censored his individual creative expression in the execution of his work.

This purely business, but right and honorable, relation, goes, I believe, to the heart of the matter. It is the necessity of the employer to state his problem, to buy by specification. It is the privilege of the artist to execute without interference. This privilege the artist must insist on to maintain his professional integrity. Otherwise he becomes an apothecary filling a recipe, a grocer, a cook, a professional pot-boiler.

Croton-on-Hudson. GEORGE BIDDLE.

Seldes, Marx and Godwin

SIR: Reviewers who care more for Marx than for me (there are some) ought to be careful about their citations. Mr. Murray Godwin quotes several brilliant sentences in which I describe the American business man's self-satisfied theory of depression cycles and says that they are applied, by me, to Marxism. Marx, if I understand him correctly, did not admire the capitalist system and did not wish it to be perpetuated; he noted depressions as symptoms of internal weakness. The business men who think capitalism glorious and eternal and are willing to let others suffer periodical depressions are not exactly Marxists. They are the ones whom I describe as thriving on depressions. The passages Mr. Godwin quotes come at the end of a three-page distinction between two schools of thought, and it is unfortunate that, having missed a few connecting sentences, Mr. Godwin should have arrived at precisely the wrong conclusion.

Mr. Godwin finds a permanent lesion in my mind because I say that "American workmen turn toward the Soviet Union because there is so much work for everyone there." (I didn't say they turned toward; I said they were impressed by.) And even my impaired mind knows that when a starving man asks for work he is not inflamed with a passion for labor, but desires food or clothes or whatever his labor can bring him. I took the liberty of writing a book about America in American terms with casual references to Russia and Marx. I know this is a crime and I am properly sorry. But I would still like to have quotations properly applied.

New York City. GILBERT SELDES.

SIR: On page 120 Mr. Seldes refers to "the grim determinist (and brilliantly prophetic) analysis of Marx." On pages 120-1 he quotes from this analysis a sequence of passages which, with his own interpolated comments, indicate that Marx did indeed pre-vision bourgeois society progressing through crisis after crisis to an inescapable doom. On page 122 he states that "The Marxian theory of cycles is respectable because it is conditional: the periods of depression must come *if* the capitalistic system continues to produce as it does. The theory as it generally appears is not respectable because it omits the condition. . . ." But unless Mr. Seldes is wrong on pages 120-1, the Marxian theory is not conditional, but accords with "the theory as it generally appears," and thus would be the logical reference for the descriptive sentences which follow and which I quoted as having that reference in my review. For this reason I think Mr. Seldes has been a little hasty in taking me to task for misunderstanding him so clearly. Maybe, when he has come to an agreement between himself regarding the Marxian gist, he will conclude I was right, at that.

I said "prevalent," not "permanent." Mr. Seldes says, (page 64): "Two men turned to the Soviets: the workman who heard that there was no unemployment in Russia. . . ." He did not say "impressed by" in this instance, which was the one I meant.

New York City. MURRAY GODWIN.

The Reichstag Fire Trial

SIR: The Prosecutor General of the Supreme Court of Germany in Leipzig announces that the judicial examination in the Reichstag fire case will be concluded on June 3. The trial may occur any day now.

We appeal to world opinion to defend our brother and husband who are victims of this frame-up. Save them from the death by hanging that threatens them.

ELENA DIMITROVA, sister of George Dimitrov,
RIKA PETRIVA POPOVA, wife of Blagoi Popov.

Moscow, U.S.S.R.

Dr. Reese Sees Red

SIR: As a reader of The New Republic I object to the article "Eye-Witness in Berlin," appearing in the issue of April 5, 1933. If the author, Y.K.W., is afraid to sign his name for fear of reprisals by the Hitler dictatorship, then he demonstrates that he is not competent in judging the situation abroad.

The American author, living for years in Germany, should know that a statement of facts is recommended by the present German government, and that his signature would vouch for his sincerity. Falsification, hearsay, misrepresentation and fish stories, naturally, cannot give us an impartial picture and they distort our reactions and feelings toward the new German revolution, creating only misunderstanding and more suffering among certain groups.

If Y.K.W. is sympathizing with the Communistic party or is trying to poison our opinion here, then it would be better for a journal as The New Republic not to print his articles.

Madison, Wis. HANS H. REESE, M. D.

Extracts from Letters

MERWIN M. COLE, a student at the University of Washington, Seattle, Washington, writes to tell us of the anti-war campaign at the University. A large majority of those who signed a questionnaire stated they would not bear arms unless the United States were actually invaded by a foreign power. An equally large majority felt that military armament and preparedness are not "the best way to ensure peace."

David J. Saposs of Brookwood Labor College, Katonah, New York, writes to announce a conference on "The College Student and the Labor Movement" at the college, July 9 to 14. Attendance will be limited to twenty-five persons.

Williana Burroughs, New York City, writes on behalf of the Isidore Blumberg Defense Committee. Mr. Blumberg, a teacher in the New York City schools, has been dismissed from his post, ostensibly on grounds of "incompetency." The real reason, according to Miss Burroughs and others, is that Mr. Blumberg was chairman of a committee which fought proposed cuts in teachers' pay.

Mildred Price, executive secretary for Commonwealth College, Mena, Arkansas, writes on behalf of the Commonwealth College Summer Camp, to be held for ten weeks beginning July 3. Lectures and discussion courses will be given and full cost for room, board, laundry service and tuition is only $40 for the ten-weeks term to those working fifteen hours a week at community tasks. For shorter periods, rates are $25 a month or $1 a day. Those who prefer not to work pay twice these rates.

James Myers, secretary of the Church Emergency Relief Committee, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City, writes on behalf of the coal miners in Wilder, Tennessee. "In all my observations in the coal fields," he says, "I have never seen a more squalid camp, more desperate poverty, or more brutal opposition to organized labor than at Wilder." Mr. Myers appeals for money, to be sent to William B. Spofford, care of the Committee, and for clothing to be sent to Howard Kester, 4010 Minnesota Avenue, Nashville, Tennessee.

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Approaches to Science

The Expanding Universe, by Sir Arthur Eddington. New York: The Macmillan Company. 190 pages. $2.

Materialism, by J. S. Haldane. New York: Harper and Brothers. 221 pages. $2.

The Universe of Science, by H. Levy. New York: The Century Company. 237 pages. $2.

THESE books illustrate the worst and best that can be done in popularizing science. Books free from theological sentimentalities are infrequent, and it is a rare scientist who will impress his lay readers with the need for considering the "conclusions" of science in terms of the methods required to reach them. On the other hand, the judicious can only grieve when eminent scientists persuade an innocent public that a dubious theology is supported by the entire apparatus of modern physics; or perhaps laugh heartily when scientific laws are declared to be merely human conventions, and a treatise on physics therefore no more than an exposition of the esthetic views of its author.

The glaring defects of Eddington as a popularizer stand out sharply in this book, devoted entirely to a sketch of recent cosmological theories. It does not seem to occur to him that difficult technical concepts cannot be equated to "common-sense" notions without confusion. And so he feeds his readers images instead of imparting understanding, gives them words instead of indicating their significance. Two fairly random illustrations will make this plain. In stating the theory of the expanding universe he is emphatic that it is *space,* as distinct from material systems, which expands. How misleading this is becomes clear if we know that measurements are made always upon matter, and never upon "pure space." "Expansion of space" is therefore either a shorthand way of referring to a complex pattern of the behavior of matter, or it is a physically undefined expression and hence meaningless. Eddington himself points out that expansion stops when the average density of matter is zero, because then "there is nothing left to expand." Secondly, in comparing the Einstein and De Sitter mathematical theories of the universe, he characterizes the first as containing matter but no motion, and the second as containing motion but no matter. But if "motion" refers to something which can occur without "matter," it must be very different from what is ordinarily designated as motion and matter, and the innocent reader should be told so. The truth is, mathematical physics offers a *map* of the universe. Eddington leads one to believe, however, that because relations between points on a map are the same as those between parts of a landscape, that map and landscape are one and the same.

"Materialism" is a collection of addresses in which Professor Haldane repeats once more his criticism of materialism as incapable of explaining the aspect of "coördinated maintenance" which living beings illustrate. While repudiating vitalism, he thinks the notion of "wholes," or organic unities, is required in biology. Mr. Haldane has never stated clearly the point of his criticism. Often he claims no more than that organic behavior is not the "mechanical sum" of the component physico-chemical processes. But this criticism could be made against regarding an automobile's behavior as the "sum" of the behavior of its parts. An organism is not, any more than a machine, a *collection* of processes; but analysis progressively reveals it as a highly complex *organization* of physico-chemical processes. There can be no doubt, however, concerning the general bearings of Haldane's attack on materialism. Biology, and especially psychology, according to him, bring us nearer to "reality" than do the other physical sciences; they reveal God's presence in us, so that we live and suffer in Him. In spite of evil He is everywhere, and Haldane quotes approvingly from "Adam Bede" that "it is blind self-seeking which wants to be free from the sorrows with which the whole creation groaneth and travaileth." No wonder he can view the hardships of mining as opportunities for cultivating the spiritual life! Those who care to may thus behold once more the curious spectacle of a man denying that human experience is explicable in terms of physico-chemistry, while claiming with zeal that atoms and electrons are not really "physical" but "spiritual" in nature.

Mr. Levy, professor of Mathematics at the University of London, has written an admirable book on the nature of science as a technique of inquiry, and on its function as a human institution. In spite of several unfortunate paragraphs, "The Universe of Science" should serve as a model for the non-technical presentation of scientific material. Its main burden is that the sciences aim to find systems of objects which can be isolated from the rest of the universe, in order that constant relations be discovered between the "isolates," or elements, of such systems. Since elements are isolated for the specific purpose indicated, there is no sense in maintaining that the isolates (whether atoms, forces, human beings or stars) have a "reality" superior or inferior to elements not so isolated. Determinate relations between isolates can be found, however, only in so far as our instruments do not appreciably affect them. The occurrence of indeterminate behavior (*e. g.,* electron) is the result of a lack of "neutrality" of our instruments with the isolates studied, and is no ground for holding that science is no longer "deterministic." No science is possible if there is no determination of some sort; and the nonsense which has been written about this matter by reputable thinkers is a consequence of taking a particular set of isolates (electrons) as endowed with primary and exclusive reality. Scientific determinism and trustworthy prediction thus go hand in hand. And Mr. Levy's analysis makes clear how far we are from any genuine science of society when we reflect on the difficulties of finding isolates and of making well defined predictions in social matters.

But much else follows from this analysis. Nature can no more be regarded as *originating* by a coming together of "isolates" than can human society be viewed as originating in a coming together of self-sufficient individuals. We may, however, effect a *logical analysis* in which a part of nature is exhibited as a complex pattern of the behavior of certain isolates. But because we may be unable to effect a reconstruction on the basis of a *special* set of isolates, we only confuse matters by labeling a part of nature *unreal.* A rigid bar of iron remains just as rigid as it is, even if we fail to explain its rigidity by a given theory of atoms. And the obverse of this should also be noted. Macroscopic objects like human bodies and stars possess "primary reality" to no greater degree than atoms and electrons. A living body, for example, is also an isolate from its environment, which it needs for its own maintenance. Nature is catholic enough to include very diverse things indeed, and no part is an illusion simply because it is unlike another part.

Just as atoms and human society are "isolates" in wider contexts, so science itself is an isolate in society, and has relations to other institutions in it. Science may, therefore, be approached from at least two points of view. There is, first, the task of analyzing *its* isolates (space, time, energy, etc.) in terms of the procedures employed in each science. In this way we may determine the changing content of

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scientific concepts, their range of applicability and their function in ordering experience. Second, there is the task of studying science as a human institution which can exist only under favorable physical and social conditions, and which must be evaluated, like all institutions, in terms of its contributions to the social good. These approaches are supplementary, but they are not identical. The intra-scientific significance of scientific categories cannot be derived from the physical and social conditions of science. Those who attempt to do so only repeat in a different context the blunders of those who seek to bolster up a religious philosophy by torturing the formulas of mathematical physics.

ERNEST NAGEL.

The Gentleman from Louisiana

The Kingfish: A Biography of Huey P. Long, by Webster Smith. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 286 pages. $2.50.

OF ALL the vast horde of political monstrosities that have cavorted up out of backwoods and short grass into American history, none was ever more incredible than Huey P. Long, the Kingfish of Louisiana. He has been charged with and publicly tried for a glittering array of crimes, among which are numbered parental neglect, revels with hula dancers, blackmail, kidnaping, bribery, suborning assassination and misappropriation of state funds. He is obviously and by his own brazen admission guilty of some of the worst things his enemies have to say about him. There is nothing in the most shameful chapter of post-Civil War "reconstruction" to compare with his mad dictatorship over Louisiana since 1928. And yet the bitterly inimical Roman Catholics of southern Louisiana and the Baptist Ku-Kluckers of northern Louisiana with touching docility unite at the polls to do his bellowed bidding. Nowadays Huey is the loudest member of the United States Senate, laying all other records so deep in the shade that the late Honorable Tom Heflin seems to have been a Chautauqua lecturer.

The unofficial biographer attempts to maintain an impartial attitude, but it is soon evident that his subject gives him no choice. Mr. Smith says in a self-effacing note at the end that Huey P. Long is the real author; that he, Smith, is simply passing the story on. This, with some allowance for journalistic modesty, is true. Otherwise, perhaps, this would have been a better book.

Mr. Smith records the astounding career in forthright reportorial style from its beginning in 1893 up until February 3, 1933, when the book apparently went to press. Since that date Huey has made a considerable start on another volume, but most of the published facts then available are presented. If there is nothing about the Kingfish that any diligent newspaper reader does not know already, at least it is conveniently appalling to have everything brought together in one volume.

A year ago it was supposed that he was a loud-mouthed clown soon to be squelched by the august power of the United States Senate. That was before he conducted his notorious two-weeks filibuster at a cost of $5 million a day to a nation tottering on ruin. Today the Governor of Louisiana is his truckling handy man. Today he exercises absolute control over three senatorial votes in addition to his own. He is that far toward his overt aim to grasp Democratic leadership in the Senate and eventually to obtain control of the national party. His breach with Roosevelt seems likely to widen from this time on.

Mr. Smith might have digested the material to better advantage. For example, almost half of the book is given over to the farcical effort of the Louisiana House of Representatives to impeach Huey back in 1929. Even for the reader unacquainted with the intricacies of Louisiana politics and geography, this makes hilarious reading—particularly that early scene in which the frenzied representatives discover that their voting machine has been fixed. Granted that it adds weight to the disturbing evidence that the people of Louisiana have loosed a menace in the land, it still could have been trimmed to permit a more detailed analysis of the culprit and the social condition which lifted him to absolute power.

One chapter in Mr. Smith's biography is entitled "President Long?" Mr. Smith, a native of Louisiana, may be suspected of exaggerating the Kingfish's national importance. But no one who has read his book will discount the ominous note on which it closes.

GEORGE MILBURN.

Unity in Shakespeare

What the Author Meant, by George R. Foss. New York: Oxford University Press. 196 pages. $2.50.

Shakespeare under Elizabeth, by G. B. Harrison. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 325 pages. $3.

The Shakespearean Tempest, by G. Wilson Knight. New York: Oxford University Press. 341 pages. $4.50.

Thomas Lodge and Other Elizabethans, by Charles J. Sisson, Mark Eccles and Deborah Jones. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 527 pages. $5.

A Short Life of Shakespeare with the Sources: Abridged from Sir Edmund Chambers' William Shakespeare: A Study of Facts and Problems, by Charles Williams. New York: Oxford University Press. 268 pages. $1.50.

MICHELANGELO criticized contemporary Flemish painting on the ground that it lost itself in details, lacked unity. Sidney recognized the same fault in English tragedy, saying that it violated "the unities"; Shakespeare fell under this indictment, which was repeated for centuries. Critics would not admit that Shakespeare gave them pleasure because they saw that he was violating the Greek law of central interest with subordinated and contributory detail. They were asking Shakespeare for a kind of unity he could not always supply, for he and his contemporaries retained much of the multiple art of the Middle Ages and achieved Greek effects only perhaps when they told a unity-compelling story like that of Romeo and Juliet. An insistent demand upon Shakespeare for unity has persisted to this day. Coleridge said that the unity to be found in Shakespeare was a unity of feeling; the nineteenth century placed it in characterization or said it was a unity derived from totality of impression. Shakespeare's art was certainly in part multiple in principle, for he attended to detail with a degree of particularity and validity that give to his work, as to that of Spenser, something of the quality of a great tapestry. Shakespeare's minor plots are not always minor in any true sense, and there seems to be in Shakespeare a unity derived from profound agreements and harmonies.

Such an impression is at least intensified by Mr. G. Wilson Knight's latest book on Shakespeare, "The Shakespearean Tempest." The author searches for a principle of unity, which he finds lacking in our understanding. He finds it, somewhat to the reader's consternation, in a permeative, duplicate, interwoven symbolism consisting of

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tempests on the one side and music on the other. Tempests and music, Mr. Wilson says, are very obvious symbols—all poets resort to them—so that, after all, Shakespeare, the most universal of poets, has merely employed with peculiar consistency the most universal of symbols. These symbols, moreover, do not stand for any one thing in particular but for vast groups of suggestions, and they do not stand alone. The sea is a tempest symbol; so are death, disease, calamity and every sort of impending gloom; conflict, disorder and diversity. On the other hand, with music are stars, spring, sunshine, flowers, love, gayety and youth. Each symbol has also its set of animals. Bears, lions, chimeras, dragons and wolves are creatures of tempest and the night. Birds, an aviary of them, and the gentler quadrupeds stand with music. Mr. Wilson's symbolism is simple and, as symbolism, has only this to say: that Shakespeare perceived with universal profundity that life is an affair of lights and shadows and that he has used his own common world of nature, which is also ours, as the *milieu* of his expression. Granted the author's main contention, we may speak of his book as made up of citations from Shakespeare and eloquent commentary upon them. Mr. Wilson is a sort of Carlyle of criticism, who ranges, not only through the pages of Shakespeare, but through the literature of the world, seizing upon this or that unexpected confirmation of his theory.

It may not be pushing the thought too far to find in a very different realm of Shakespearean study a similar quest for a unified Shakespeare, namely, in the realm of biography. The procedure of the late Sir Sidney Lee was the sober and noncommittal presentation of Shakespeare's life records, facts about his theatre and ascertained early allusions to his works; so that one felt grateful to Dr. Joseph Quincy Adams for putting the pieces of the picture together and giving us a life of Shakespeare that would show Shakespeare the man. Both of these tendencies are apparent in the Shakespeare publications of this year. Mr. Charles Williams has published "A Short Life of Shakespeare" abridged from Sir Edmund Chambers' "William Shakespeare: A Study of Facts and Problems." He has spared us the "problems," which Sir Edmund himself usually neither solves nor permits anybody else to solve, and has given us the "facts."

At the other extreme from Mr. Williams' book is Mr. G. B. Harrison's "Shakespeare under Elizabeth." Mr. Harrison is moved by a strong desire to realize Shakespeare imaginatively, and to assist himself in such a task he gets rid of scholastic impedimenta, though at the same time operating within scholarly limits. The author's two preceding books, "An Elizabethan Journal" and "A Second Elizabethan Journal," are now seen as preparatory to the present work. In these books Mr. Harrison presented with fair success and much interest a day-to-day study of what intelligent people in the English metropolis might have been talking about from 1591 to 1598, an intimate study of Elizabethan daily life. In the midst of this world so pictured he now presents William Shakespeare. There are no "probably's" and "one-may-well-believe's" in this book. Of course Mr. Harrison's object is not primarily biographical. He wishes rather to trace the growth of Shakespeare's genius through the great years 1592 to 1603, and this he has done well. He has changed the background by adding much new and illuminating material and by increasing, in the same way as in his earlier books, the intimacy of the picture of Elizabethan times.

What we need in Elizabethan biography is more fact, and it is by no means a hopeless need. It may be that further information about Shakespeare will be slow in accumulating, since the scholarly world has in the main sought information about him to the neglect of his contemporaries. No doubt there are still possibilities of new discovery with reference to Shakespeare. About his contemporaries there is no question at all, and we must remember that to illuminate Shakespeare's contemporaries is also to illuminate him. A new book of great importance in Elizabethan biography is "Thomas Lodge and Other Elizabethans," by Professor Charles J. Sisson, Mr. Mark Eccles and Miss Deborah Jones. It is not too much to say that in this Professor Sisson makes over the biography of Lodge, that extraordinary Elizabethan—university graduate, dramatist, novelist, translator, sailor, soldier, litigant (continual), lawyer, physician and spendthrift. Mr. Eccles presents important new materials on Barnabe Barnes and amplifies the biography of Sir George Buc, Master of the Revels, purifying it also of a series of misleading errors. Miss Jones makes interesting minor contributions to our knowledge of Lodowick Bryskett and John Lyly.

The fashion we see in all this work of cultivating the historical imagination in the consideration of Shakespeare—perhaps the most fruitful scholarly tendency of our time—finds interesting manifestation in "What the Author Meant," by George R. Foss. Mr. Foss has been an actor of Shakespearean roles and a director in the production of a number of Shakespeare's plays. He has set himself, as a definite and practical question of the theatre, the discovery of Shakespeare's intention with reference to scenes and characters. He has not been oblivious to that principle of Shakespearean presentation, now centuries old, according to which producers of Shakespeare have asked themselves only what would be theatrically effective; but he has insisted upon adding to this, and thus modifying it, an idea of Shakespeare's proper meaning. He has found that Shakespeare's idea is the best idea, and he boldly advises the "scrapping" of some of the nineteenth-century sentimentalities which we have been taught to expect of Shakespeare's characters and scenes. In "What the Author Meant" Mr. Foss studies in careful detail the dozen or more plays he has known as an actor or director, in order to determine Shakespeare's meaning as distinguished from mere theatrical possibility. Whether or not one agrees with all of Mr. Foss's interpretations, his book must be regarded as a welcome sign of the times.

HARDIN CRAIG.

Bystander's Progress

Other Fires, by Maxim Gorky. Translated from the Russian by Alexander Bakshy. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.

"OTHER FIRES" is the third volume of Maxim Gorky's tetralogy devoted to the history of the proletarian revolution from the emergence of the Russian working class as a power in the 1890's to the present. In general, the life of Gorky's hero, Clim Samghin, coincides with the forty years of the author's literary activity, and this in turn coincides neatly with the history of the workers' revolutionary movement with which his writings have always been closely allied.

In "Bystander," the first novel of the series, the revolt is still individual, anarchic, as was Gorky's own work at the time; it is the period of his Chelkashes and Malvas and Chudras, his "creatures that once were men." The second volume, "The Magnet," ends with the revolution of 1905,

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the "dress rehearsal" staged by those worker-bolsheviks whose first appearance in Russian literature is to be found in Gorky's "Mother"—"the very book for the moment" as Lenin said.

"Other Fires" opens with the last days of the 1905 revolution in Moscow, when the "forces of pacification" were "enjoining the people with guns," depicts the gloomy aftermath of reaction and escape—luridly illuminated now and again by solitary acts of terrorism—and ends with Clim Samghin's going abroad to escape the swamp of ennui, sensualism and mysticism which threatens to engulf him.

Samghin, the lawyer, is a prototype of the middle-class intellectual who believes without conviction and hopes without faith. At forty he is still a bystander. He takes his chances with the law by permitting the defenders of the barricade to use his kitchen, but is unable to fathom the simple assurance of the bolshevik, Yakov; "If not this time, then next." His journeys around Moscow during the days of street fighting remind one of those wretched shades of Dante's who, because they could be neither hot nor cold in their earthly existence, were condemned by the poet to wander forever about Inferno.

> Gogol and Dostoevsky provided an abundance of facts chemically akin to the basic trait of Samghin's character. The deformity of Russian life and the fitful unruliness of the human mind explained to Samghin his discord with actuality, while the torment-fraught searchings of Dostoevsky's heroes after unshakable truth and inner freedom again lifted him, led him away from the common run of people, brought him closer to the restless characters of Dostoevsky.

Although Gorky's pages are crowded with acute and often extraordinary psychological portraits of Russians from all walks of life, he is interested in these portraits not so much for themselves as for the images they provide of the social conditions behind them. Each of Gorky's characters exists at once by his own right as a human being and as a member of a social organism. It is this "materialistic portrayal of human psychology," to quote the Russian critic Stetsky, which is Gorky's great literary achievement and which distinguishes him from such writers as Dostoevsky, whose characters would often approach the monstrous did we not from our own knowledge provide their social background and, even more important, that of their author.

EDWIN SEAVER.

Reform in China

Land and Labor in China, by R. H. Tawney. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 201 pages. $2.50.

ONE OF the important incidental results of the Chinese revolution of 1925-1927 is that it has greatly stimulated interest in the fundamental social and economic problems of China and produced a voluminous social-science literature, some of which embodies painstaking research by Chinese as well as Western scholars. Mr. Tawney, the celebrated British economist, digested part of this and other material with characteristic skill and has written a succinct, extremely readable and up-to-date account of the contemporary economic situation in China. The crucial questions of imperialist domination and the revolutionary workers' and peasants' movement have not received much serious consideration by the author, but, with these important exceptions, the factual part of the book contains a fair representation of the facts and is undoubtedly the best of its kind in the English language.

The results of careful research by various scholars, as summarized by Tawney, reveal that although "approximately one-half of the peasants in China own their farms" (the rest being tenants and farm laborers), "the nominal owner is often little more than the tenant of a money-lender." Forty to 80-percent interest is commonly charged by usurers to peasants and interest of 150 to 200 percent is not unknown. Turning from agriculture to industry, we find that "56 percent of China's coal output is raised by foreign undertakings, that approximately 82 percent of her small iron deposits are the property of Japanese concerns." As for the working conditions of the industrial proletariat, "in Shanghai, the maximum [and usual] hours in cotton mills were reported in 1930 to be twelve, the minimum ten and a half. In Wusih, Tientsin and Hankow a twelve-hour day in cotton mills is said to be almost universal, children working the same hours as adults. . . . The working week normally consists of seven days." On top of this appalling condition of economic distress, there stands the political superstructure, corrupt and tottering.

The author sets out "to attack piecemeal" the tremendous problem created by this situation. He considers the improvement of communication "the only way of breaking the vicious circle which binds economic stagnation to political disorder" and vice versa. But, since the improvement of communication cannot be achieved without a reasonably stable political regime, the whole question is reduced to one of political rejuvenation, which the author regards as merely a problem of administrative reform.

Thus, tacitly accepting the property relations of landlord-tenant, usurer-debtor and capitalist-worker as inviolable, Mr. Tawney looks to the existing administrative apparatus, to the bureaucracy which he regards as "the New China" and upon which he pins much hope for social and political reform, for changing those very conditions which the bureaucrats, in their private capacity as landlords, usurers and capitalists, and in their public capacity as the beneficiaries of a highly prized vested interest, always find it to their interest to preserve. This is the inescapable contradiction of all reformists who look to the oppressors to lift the burden of oppression!

CH'AO-TING CHI.

Book Notes

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

THE KING OF ROME, by R. McNair Wilson. *New York: D. Appleton and Company. 171 pages. $2.*

This history of Napoleon's son begins with his birth and ends with his death, with short accounts of the various stages in his life and circumstances. The history varies from the average acount, however, in that it concerns itself largely with L'Aiglon's relation to the Napoleonic idea in the Europe of the first third of the nineteenth century, plus the reflection of Napoleon's mind and theories as they were studied by his son and took shape among his conceptions. The extent to which the son's whole habit of thought and concentration of purpose derived from his father's history and writings is carefully established, and through this the book becomes as much a mirror of Napoleon as a record of his son.

GAMBLER'S WIFE: The Life of Malinda Jenkins as told in conversations to Jesse Lilienthal. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 296 pages. $3.*

This book contains the informal recollections of a salty and vigorous character, Malinda Jenkins. She was born in Illinois in 1848, and did not see the inside of a store until she was

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ten. Later, a pioneer wife like Lucinda Matlock, she spun, she wove, she kept the house, she had children. One husband was a ne'er-do-well, another died, the last was a gambler. Loyally she followed him to Kentucky saloons, to Oregon ranches, to lumber camps and boarding houses, to British Columbia in '95, to the Alaska gold-rush in '98. He gambled everywhere he went, and she couldn't stop him; but when they returned to the States they had enough from real-estate speculations to last them for life. Here they followed the horses and farmed. Her husband died in 1929. Mrs. Jenkins is a full-blooded woman with a gift for phrase and human insight and drama. Her story is worthwhile in itself, and it is a stimulating record of the American frontier.

VIGO, by Bruno Roselli. *Boston: The Stratford Company. 280 pages. $2.00.*

A century has passed since it was almost taken for granted by certain chroniclers of Middle Western history that Francesco Vigo shared with Clark the credit for the acquisition of that territory. This Piedmontese, moving westward, first to Havana, then New Orleans, and in the course of years becoming an Indian trader and expert, the confidential agent of Governor de Leyba in St. Louis, carrying northward, meanwhile, his business, as far as the Great Lakes, was the man who brought the Vincennes campaign through to success, a more significant agent to it than the famous Clark himself. He also lent his own money to the government. Professor Roselli's history traces Vigo's reward for such services: a few grand laudations from Washington and others, various proposals—time passing. Vigo, worn out, poor, settling down finally in a Vincennes boarding house, an old man whose refrain had become: "Everybody has forgotten me—everybody." Twenty years after his death the second generation of his in-laws were paid the $49,898.60 that the government owed Vigo. The book's final chapter discusses the relation of American Italians to their adopted country, as compared to their position and attitude in Brazil, Argentina and elsewhere, and adds a note on the difference between Italians in our Eastern states and in the Western, California especially.

The Social Sciences

THE FAMILY: A Study of Member Roles, by Katharine DuPre Lumpkin. *Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 194 pages. $2.*

This attempt to analyze the social processes of the family is based upon an intensive study of forty-six selected families which appealed for aid to a New York charity. Its most important conclusions are that widespread economic insecurity causes social insecurity, and that education will greatly ease what the author terms "member roles in turmoil" (family quarrels and difficulties). On the whole, the book is the type of sociology that polysyllabifies the obvious.

GOLD, GLUT AND GOVERNMENT, by J. M. Larrañaga. *London: George Allen and Unwin. 191 pages. 6 shillings.*

Mr. Larrañaga, as cure for the depression, proposes state-planned expenditures and attacks policies of governmental economy.

VOLUNTARY ALLOTMENT, by Edward S. Mead and Bernhard Ostrolenk. *Philadelphia: The University of Pennsylvania Press. 147 pages. $1.50.*

This book outlines a domestic-allotment plan which possesses certain features like those in the administration agricultural bill. The authors propose, for example, that agriculture be granted the legal status of a public utility and that the surplus for export be reduced to a minimum. They argue that unless some sort of restrictive measures are put into force, lowering output in order to boost prices, the agricultural industry will suffer a general attrition. They propose that the income level on agricultural products be restored as of 1930. Their method is that of bribing the farmer—through excise taxes raising prices—to accept a voluntary allotment of the acreage under cultivation. The authors calculate that this plan would entail a per-capita cost of about $35 a year to urban consumers of farm products. They contend,

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however, that industry would eventually benefit from the plan, since the increased buying power of the farmer would result in more employment and higher wages.

THE PROPAGANDA MENACE, by Frederick E. Lumley. *New York: The Century Company. 445 pages. $4.*

A long and scholarly treatise on propaganda, including its uses, misuses, dangers and limitations. This book is a conscientious library job, and contains a good bibliography.

Fiction

HARDY PERENNIAL, by Helen Hull. *New York: Coward-McCann. $2.50.*

The collapse of an egotist, a "man of affairs" in the depression, the dissolution of the compact life of a family through the maturing of the children and the mutations of a woman's love for her husband are the themes of Helen Hull's novel. Replaced, after the death of its founder, as a power in a vague "foundation" that he hoped to control, Horace Prescott is thrown back on his wife for the healing of his wounded vanity. This is the central plot. The subsidiary themes include the maturing of a daughter sufficiently to assert her independence of family by making an "impossible" marriage, the development of a talent for sculpture in the younger son of Horace and Cornelia Prescott, and the struggle of a man ruined by the depression to reëstablish his life, his failure to reëstablish himself and his timely death. This last character, Ellery Emmons, and Horace are, oddly, those most clearly drawn. Cornelia Prescott has a more important role, but her steadfast love is less precise to the reader than the littleness, the vanity, the consuming ego of her husband and his weak collapse. A young son, David, in whom a talent for sculpture develops, is also well drawn: the other characters are "from stock."

Contributors

Nathaniel Peffer resided for many years in the Far East. He is the author of "China: The Collapse of a Civilization" and is a contributor to The New Republic and other magazines.

Mary Heaton Vorse, well known as a novelist, short-story writer and journalist, is at present in Europe acting as correspondent for The New Republic.

Robert Littell, at one time literary editor of The New Republic and dramatic critic and columnist for The New York World until that paper expired, is at present a contributor to various magazines.

Vincent Dane is the pseudonym of an American who has long been a resident of Cuba.

Ruth Lechlitner, whose poems have appeared in various modern magazines, does reviewing for The New York Herald Tribune Books.

Ernest Nagel, an instructor in Philosophy at Columbia University, is the author of "The Logic of Measurement" and will publish another work on logic in the near future.

George Milburn, who has written numerous studies of Southwestern politics and politicians, is the author of "Oklahoma Town," a book of short stories, and is a frequent contributor to Harper's, Vanity Fair, The American Mercury and other magazines. His second book of fiction, "No More Trumpets," is to be published this fall by Harcourt, Brace.

Hardin Craig, who is professor of English at Stanford University, has been at work during the past few years on a book which discusses the influence of academic culture on Elizabethan literature.

Edwin Seaver, the author of "The Company," is at present working on a new novel.

Ch'ao-Ting Chi is a Chinese writer and research worker on the social and economic history of China. He is completing a book on the role of irrigation and flood control in the development of Chinese economy.

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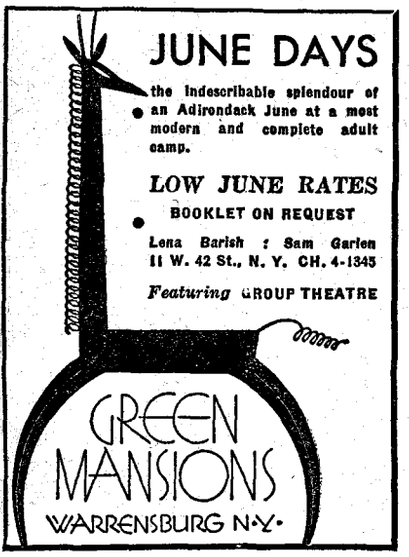

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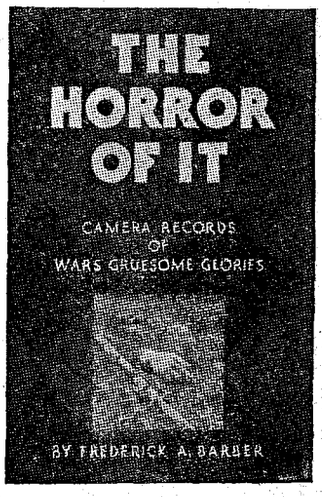

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